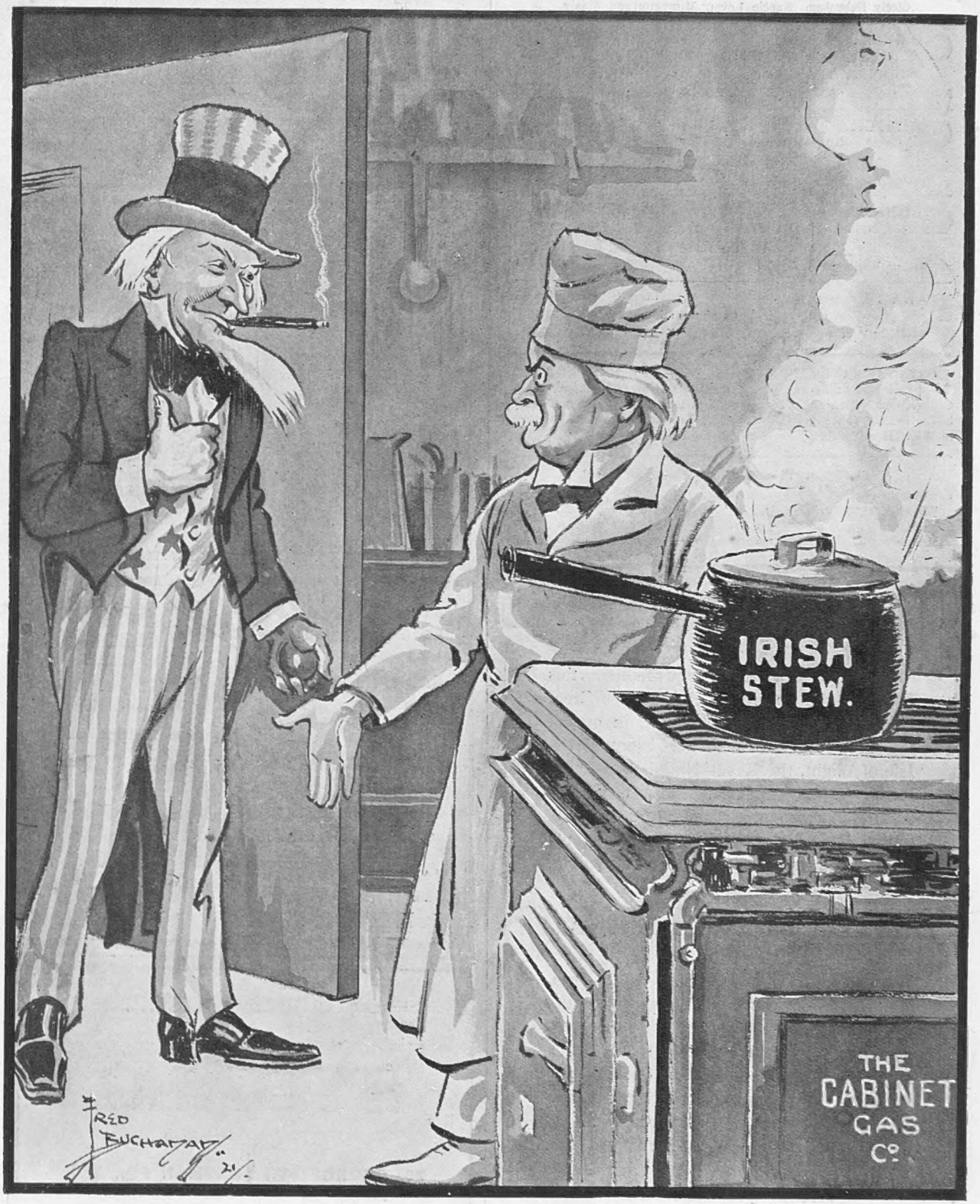
The Bystander, December 14, 1921 No. 941. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER



BY FRED BUCHANAN

"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME"

UNCLE SAM: "Say! David, can't yer leave that now it's done and come over to my place for a chat?"

THE CHEF: "No, my dear Sam, I'm going to stay and see it served"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45. "CHAUVE-SOURIS" Under the direction of M. NIKITA BALIEFF, LOIE FULLER and her School of Dance. BLANEY & FARRAR. LINGA SINGH, PATHE GAZETTE.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH. Evenings 8. Mats., Weds. & Sats. 2. (Xmas Week Twice Daily). W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates, Cicely Debenham Nancie Lovat, Misquette and Maxly.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3243). THE FAITHFUL HEART by MONCKTON HOFFE. GODFREY TEARLE Mary Odette. Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Thurs., Sat. & December 26, 27 at 2.30.

GARRICK. (Ger. 9513). Nightly 8.15. Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 2.15. RUBY MILLER and Basil Rathbone. "THE EDGE O' BEYOND" By Gertrude Page (Authoress of "Paddy the next Best Thing").

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Last 2 weeks. Mgr., MARIE LÖHR Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. "WOMAN TO WOMAN" Arthur Wontner. Wilette Kershaw.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834). THE CO-OPTIMISTS in a Pierrotic Entertainment in 2 Parts. NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS., MON., WED. and SAT., 2.30.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

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We need a Nurses' Home badly, too. The lease of premises occupied by the Nursing Staff expires next year, and £30,000 is urgently needed so that they may continue to have, outside the Hospital Buildings, the rest and change so necessary to their welfare. Please help by including US in your Xmas gifts.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"Ifs"

It is strange that there should not have been more excitement, more open demonstration of feeling—one way or the other—when "Irish Peace" was so dramatically and unexpectedly announced last week. But the quiet, almost apathetic, way in which the public received the news was a matter of general comment. Nor can it be denied that people are not rushing at their papers morning and evening to see how the Washington Conference is getting along. Yet both these things should be all-compelling, so great, so vital is their importance. Can it be that people, since the Peace that was achieved at the Conference at Versailles, are getting a little bit sceptical about Conference-made Peaces? Do they think that there are too many "ifs" conditioning their success? The initials of the Irish Free State suggest a number of "ifs." But perhaps we are a bit too battered to feel anything very acutely just yet.

"Charlie" and Barrie

Mr. Charlie Chaplin is a little bit hard on the Wits of the Garrick Club who entertained him, or did not entertain him, to dinner in their Club. "There are laboured jokes," he writes, "going the rounds, and everyone seems to feel conscious of some duty that is resting on his shoulders very ungracefully." Later on he says, "There seems to be lots of fun in the general buffoonery, but I am having a diet of silence. I feel very colourless, that the whole conversation that is being shouted is colourless." He surmises, "Maybe there is a purpose behind this buffoonery. But I hardly know whether to retaliate in kind or just grin." As I say, this is distinctly rough on the Wits of the Garrick. But Sir J. M. Barrie avenged them. He overwhelmed Mr. Chaplin by asking him to play "Peter Pan." "Just imagine," says Mr. Chaplin, "Barrie has asked me to play 'Peter Pan.' It is too big and grand to take any chance of spoiling it by some witless observation." I wonder if, next day, Mr. Chaplin felt a little stiffness or elongation of either leg!

Should Girls Play Football?

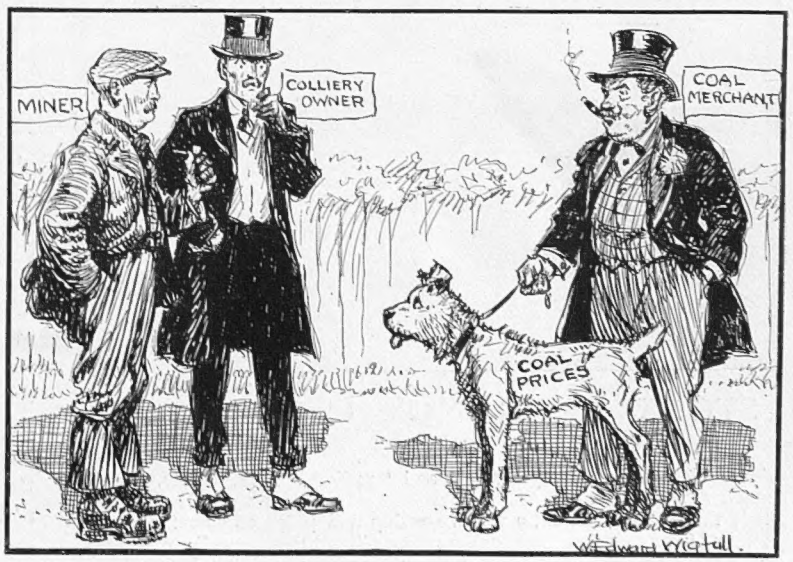
The Football Association must be a bold and confident body of men if they think that the football field is the only one that is to remain barred to women. Their only reason seems to be that, in their opinion, football is not suitable for girls. We used to think that about smoking and bicycling, driving in hansom cabs, or on the tops of buses. But to-day they smoke pipes and cigars—I have just seen a lovely little briar pipe for a lady, case and all, it was only £7 10*s.*—they drive motor-cars and motor-bikes; if hansoms had survived they would drive them; and during the War they made excellent motor-bus conductors.

An Unnecessary Sacrifice

How can you stop such people indulging in a game of Soccer, if they wish to? I don't believe they really like it. A girl captain, protesting against the Football Association's action, says, "We sacrifice our holidays for the game and for the sake of charity." Football regarded as a "sacrifice," though we must admire the cause in which it is made, does not sound as if the game is likely to attract a vast feminine following. As long as eleven men remain in Oxford I do not expect to see a girl get her Soccer "Blue." A "B.A." is much easier.

Pogoers and Proctors

While the girls of London Town are insisting upon their right to play football, the men of Oxford University are insisting upon their right to jump about on Pogo sticks. No one, so far as I have heard, has dared as yet actually to interfere with the girls of London when they have started a game; the Proctors at Oxford scatter the Pogoers like chaff before the wind, even when the President of the Oxford Pogo Club is addressing his hopping team. From their own point of view, perhaps, the Proctors are right. As the Football Association considers football too strenuous a game for girls, so the Proctors may think that hopping about on sticks is a bit too much for the kind of man who is probably driven to it by his inability to play football, row, or take part in the other forms of athletics usually enjoyed by



SOLD AS A PUP By W. E. Wigfull

Duet: "My word! How he's grown since we sold him you!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

young men. Why do they not try meccano or modelling in plasticine ?

Girls—Then and Now

OPENING a sale at the Three Arts Club, Mrs. Kendal had some very wise things to say to "girls," but I fear they were not convincing—to the modern girl. For instance, she spoke of the "earlier Victorian days" when girls "were proud to take a piece out of the front of a frock and replace it with another piece." And yet, just before that, she had told the girls of to-day that they were too fond of money. The girls could answer, "We start our frocks with pieces out of the front and out of the back, and lots taken off the bottom. Is not that a greater economy than you practised ?" Girls to-day, according to Mrs. Kendall, want to realise the height of their ambition at twenty-five, "whereas it used to be forty-five or thereabouts." But girls to-day have abolished "forty-five or thereabouts." There is twenty-five "or thereabouts"—and nothing then until "seventy-five or thereabouts."

By "JONK"

STOCK EXCHANGE CELEBRITIES

No. VIII.—MR. "WILLIE" BARRON

An amalgamation of "gee-gees" and "puff-puffs," or, rather, blood-stock and rolling stock, in that when he is not at the "House" he is in the stable. Indeed, a very fine whip and judge of horseflesh, and owner of the two famous coaches "Vivid" and "Venture." A winner of many cups, including the Coaching Marathon and the BYSTANDER Championship Gold Cup at Richmond for pairs over 15 hands. In his spare time is a Trustee and Manager of the Stock Exchange

Tommy at the Pantomime

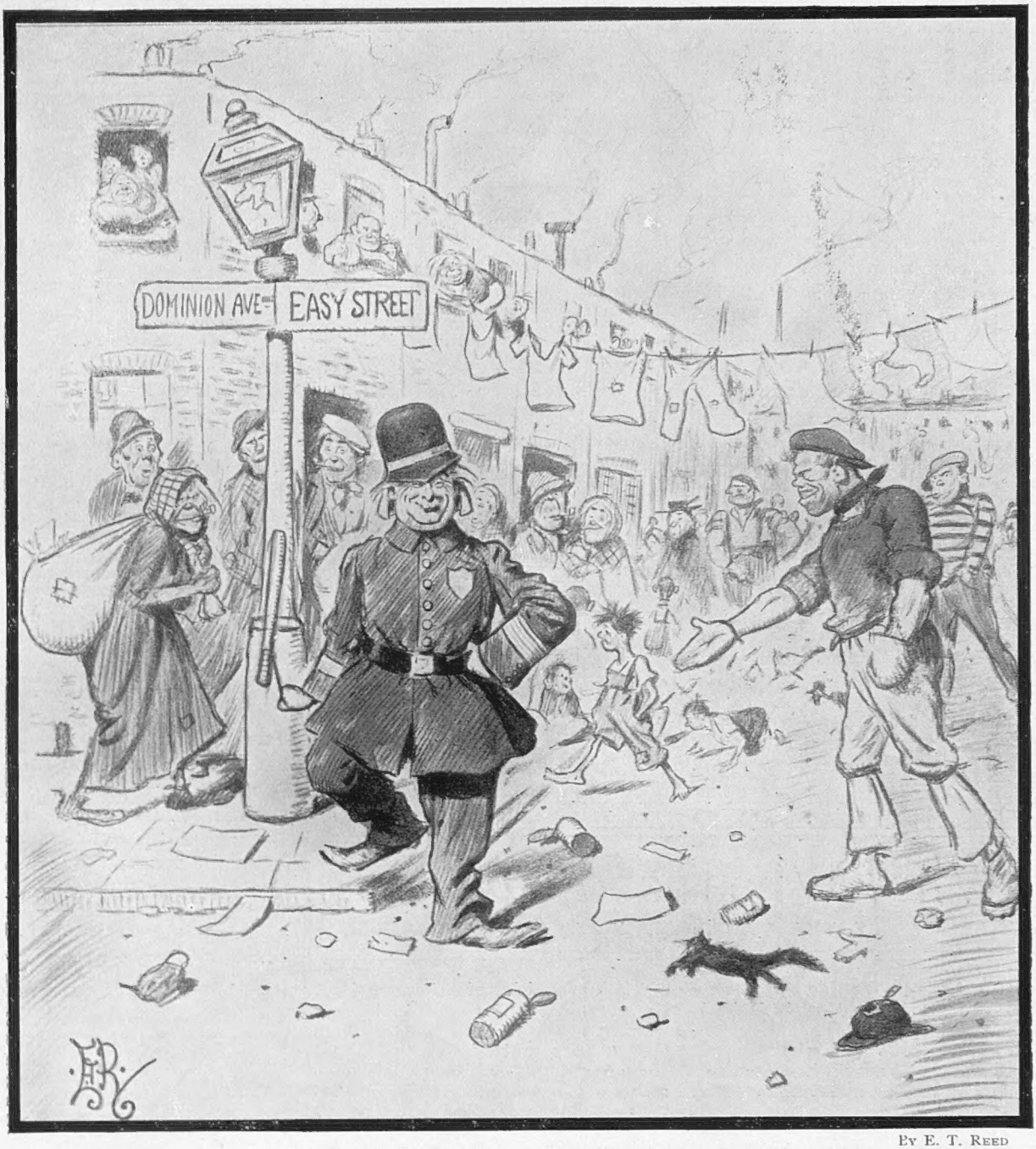
SO large was the family party going to the pantomime that it was impossible to get seats for the whole of it in the same row. One seat, therefore, was taken in the row in front. Into this they put Tommy, resplendent in his first Eton suit. In the first interval a kindly and beautiful lady, who was seated next to Tommy, leaned over and, offering him a box of chocolates, said, "Are you alone ?" "Hush ! Speak quietly !" said Tommy, "*I don't want my people behind to hear !*"

Christmas Presents

THIS is the time of year when the Christmas present bogey begins to haunt our slumbers. There is plenty of good advice about, if you care to look for it. Most of it is of the negative style—such as that one should avoid sending cigars to one's elderly maiden aunt, a case of whiskey to Lady Astor, or a safety razor to a three-months-old nephew. It is good advice as far as it goes. Those who tell you to buy early—"between ten and four" for preference !—hit the nail more helpfully on the head. But in spite of all good intentions I expect this Christmas-time will be much as other Christmas-times.

The Same Old Game

THAT is to say, some few hours before the last post goes by which there is the slightest chance of getting parcels to their destinations before December 25 most of us will rush wildly out with either not enough money or much too much of it (happy folk !). In either case we shall spend it all in next to no time, dash wildly to the bank for more, sort the parcels out at home (by taxicab), and hope for the best—including a fire in the Income Tax Collector's Office. There's a lot of luck about Christmas presents—both in the giving and receiving. Here's wishing my readers all the best of it—both ways !



By E. T. Reed

"EASY STREET"; OR, PEACE IN THE IRISH QUARTER. (*After Mr. Charles Chaplin*)
Mr. Lloyd George tackles and transforms successfully the most difficult street in the Empire, to the intense delight of everybody

Ex-Kaiser's Court

THE following document has just come to light in Osnabruck, Germany :

Chief Marshall's Office of His Majesty the King and Emperor William II.

[Certificate]

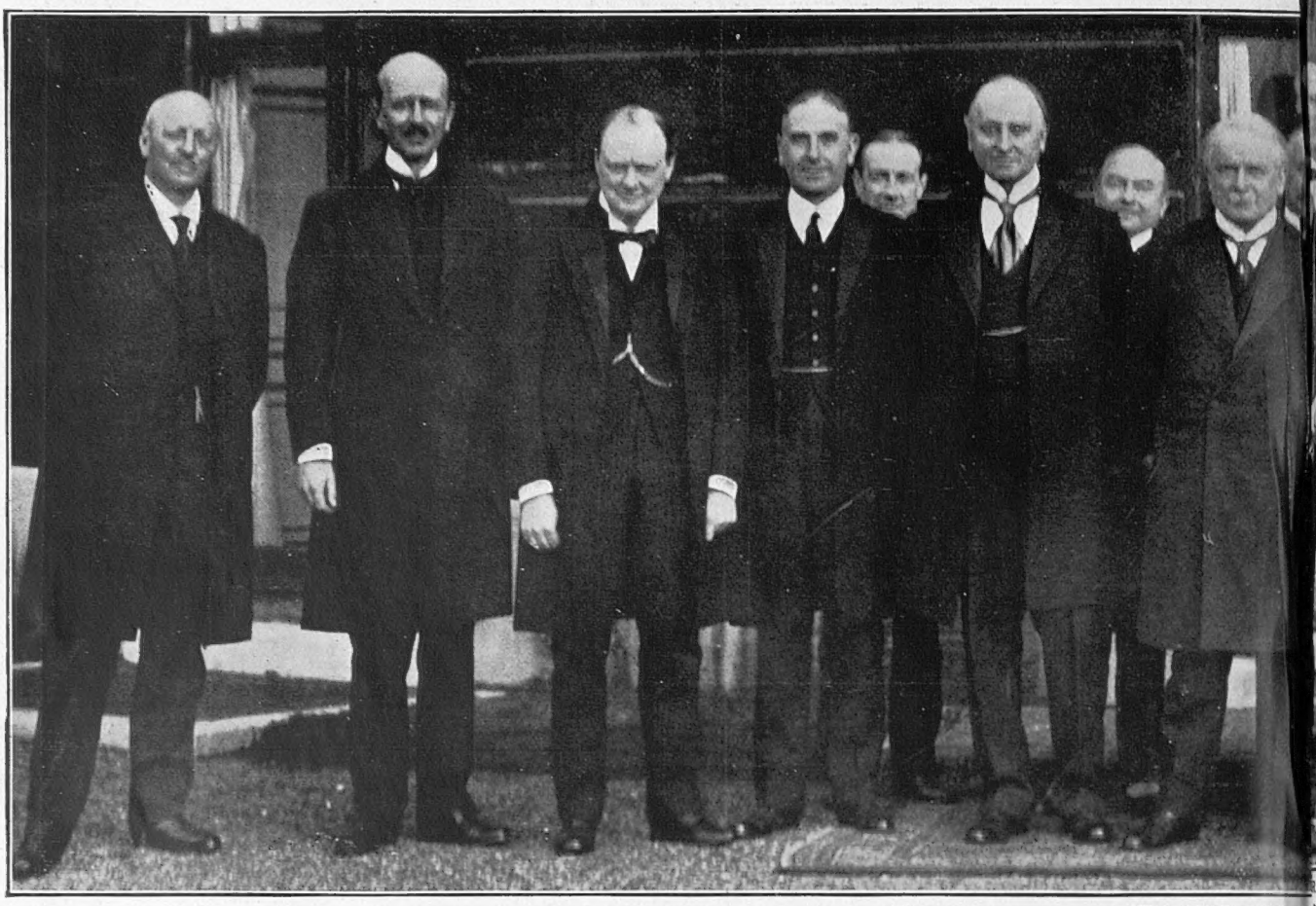
Frau Anna Harms (*née* Laux) is travelling to-day to Germany and will return thence to this address. It is requested that every possible assistance be given her both on the outward and return journey at the frontier customs barriers.

HANS DOORN, 12 Oct., 1921.
(*Stamp*) Chief Marshall's Office.
(Name Illegible)
Privy Councillor.

It would be interesting to know what the German Republican Government thinks of the activities of this comic opera Court of Mr. William Hohenzollern—also what quantity of crown jewels, etc., which should be helping to pay reparations, and what compromising documents Frau Harms is to be aided by German Republican officials to convey to the ex-Emperor.

The Two Shakespeares

SHAKESPEARE is the man of the moment. On the very day that Mr. G. H. Shakespeare returned to London after carrying the Irish terms to Ulster, it was announced that *Will Shakespeare* was to remain at the Shaftesbury after all, for the announcement of its possible withdrawal has attracted people who might never have thought of it otherwise. "So all's well that ends well," as Will himself wrote. But while the other Mr. Shakespeare was telling his chief in Downing Street of the reception he had got in Belfast, Mr. de Valera was conjuring his Cabinet to reject the terms. "You never can tell," where Erin is concerned.



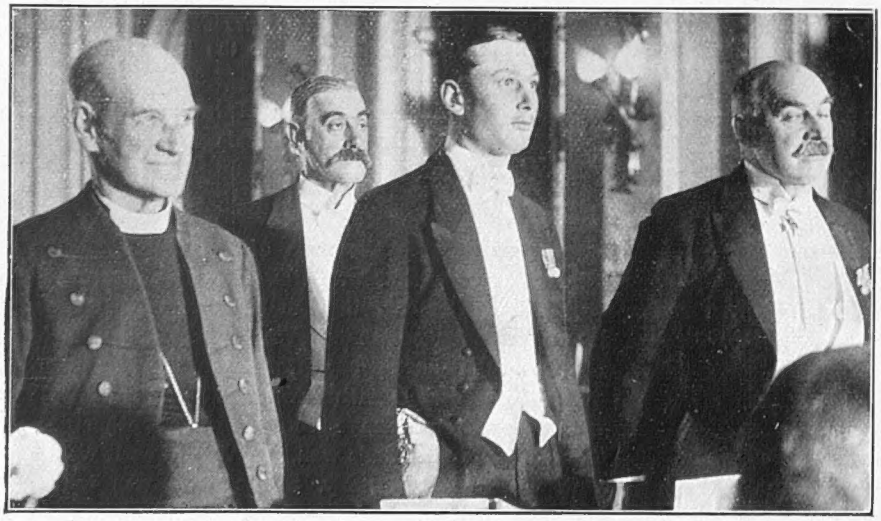
Photograph] THE KING AND HI
The Terrace, Buckingham Palace, last week, was the setting of this unique photograph of the King and every member of his Cabinet, after holding council with regard to the summoning of Parliament. Left to right (front row): Dr. Macnamara, Sir Laming Worthington Evans,

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Exit the Lady-in-Waiting

I HEAR it has been definitely decided that Princess Mary, following the example of her aunt, the Princess Royal, and her cousins, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Lady Patricia Ramsay, will dispense with the services of a lady-in-waiting after her marriage. In Victorian times the ladies-in-waiting on the Royal Princesses were always very much in evidence, and there was a most elaborate etiquette—a sort of law of Medes and Persians—that all communications with a Royal personage had to be made through them or the gentleman-in-waiting. Some of them only got a month's holiday in the year, just like a governess. But gradually their services only came to be required on public occasions; then no official appointments were made. If you take notice of such things you will see that our elder Princesses are now "attended" by some personal friend when they go to functions. The younger ones go "unattended." The "official" lady-in-waiting, except for the Queen, will practically become extinct when Princess Mary marries.

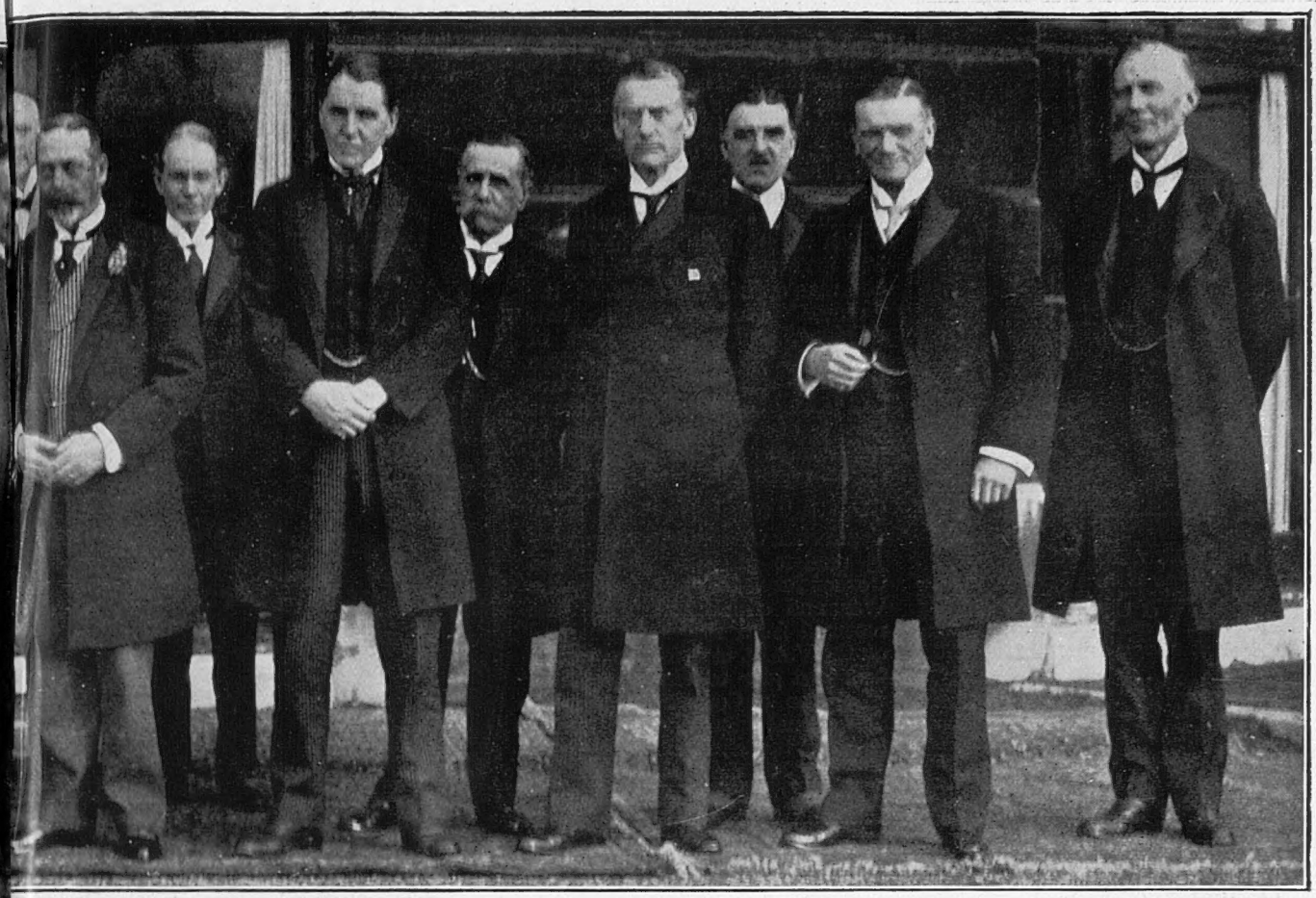


Photograph] PRINCE HENRY PRESIDES FOR CHARITY [*Topical Press*
H.R.H. Prince Henry recently presided at a dinner on behalf of the Royal Orthopædic Hospital at the Hotel Victoria, in aid of £200,000 required. On his left is the Archbishop of Wales, and on the right the Earl of Denbigh

The Old Traditions

THE question of Ulster is still on the knees of the gods, but, all politics apart, one can't help wondering what the future holds for Lord and Lady Londonderry in North Ireland. There are not a few folk who think a great mistake was made in not appointing Lord Londonderry Viceroy in succession to Lord French. His absolute sincerity and loyalty are known throughout all Ireland, and Lady Londonderry is one of the very few *grandes dames* in this generation.

Myself, I always feel that Lord and Lady Londonderry hold aloft a very bright torch in a shifting and rather murky world. I don't know of any



PRIVY-COUNCILLORS [*Photo Illustrations*

Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Robert Horne, Lord Curzon, the Premier, His Majesty the King, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Fitzalan (Viceroy of Ireland), Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Shortt, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. Sir Hamar Greenwood can be seen behind the King.

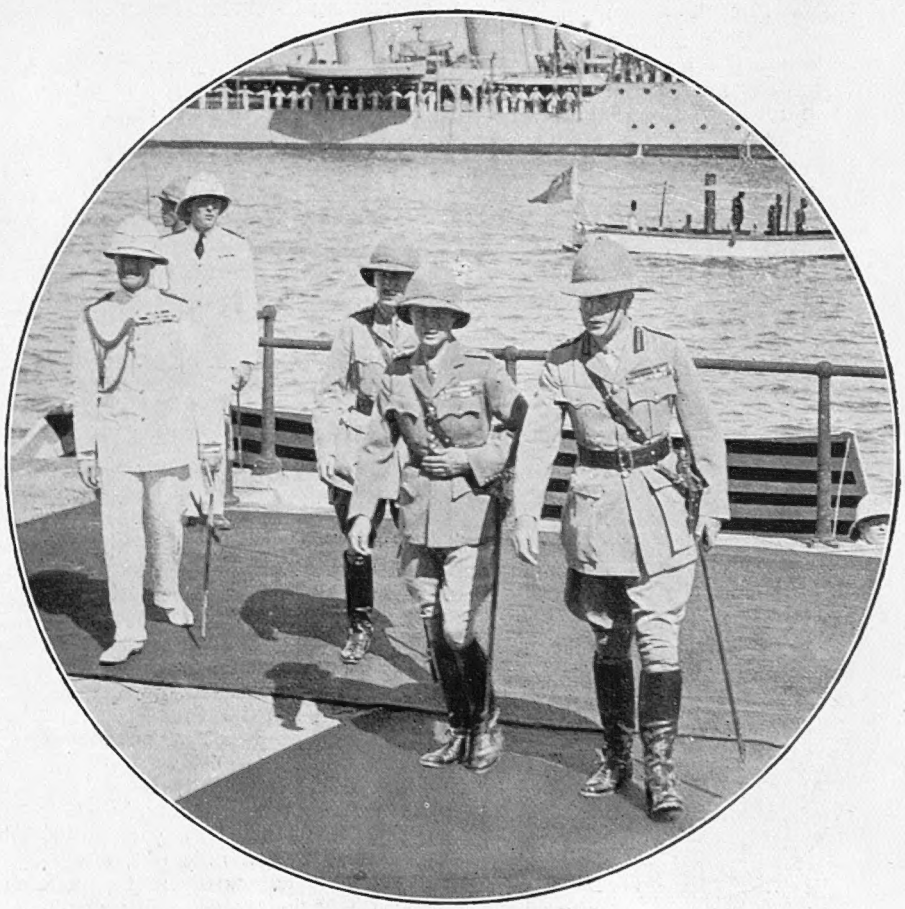
couple holding great responsibilities who meet those responsibilities in quite the same self-sacrificing and wholehearted way as they do. They carry on the old tradition that a great name entails great duties. Practically throughout the whole of this year they have been at their Irish seat, Mount Stewart, in County Down, in order that they might be on the spot for all Irish happenings—a residence not lacking in courage, you will grant, when outrage and kidnapping had become of almost daily occurrence.

Lady Londonderry made a dash to France to be present at the unveiling of the Thiepval monument to Ulstermen, and had three days in London afterwards for her sale, at Londonderry House, of broidery work done by disabled soldiers and sailors. The morning after the sale she returned to Mount Stewart.

Irish affairs caused Londonderry House to be closed all last season—a big gap for many people. Peace in Ireland next summer would mean the return of a brilliant couple who, whilst furthering all that is new, still maintain the traditions of the old *régime*.

Back to the Normal

We are becoming normal again. Shall I tell you why? Here is the answer. We are "taking up"



Photograph] THE PRINCE'S TOUR [*Central News*

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales on the quay at Aden, the last port of call before landing in Bombay, with the Political Resident, General Scott. The sailors on H.M.S. Calypso, in the distant background, are rather cleverly grouped

Photograph *Bassano*

THE HON. ANNE THESIGER

The second daughter of Lord and Lady Chelmsford, whose marriage to the Hon. D. E. F. O'Brien, eldest son of Lord and Lady Inchiquin, took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, yesterday, December 13th

crazes and individuals. And the latest craze of all is Couéism.

I don't know how many people were present at the lecture given by Dr. Coué, but it seems to me that each one became a converted propagandist on the spot.

I am rather in a fog about it all, but so far as I can gather from the accounts of the Couéites every megrim, every pang, will disappear if you only tell yourself they are non-existent. I can't count the number of people who have told me that if you say, firmly and out loud, directly you wake in the morning, "I am feeling much better, much stronger," in a week you will feel better and stronger.

Photograph *E. Navello*

FORE!

The Grand Duc Cyrille on the course at Cannes a few weeks ago

A baldening man of my acquaintance assured me solemnly that he says every morning, "The hair is growing on my head. The hair *is* growing on my head!" He is convinced that the assurance will come true—but so far nobody can see a sign of it.

Of course, we all know there are powers in the human will in the knowledge and application of which we are still on the fringe, but isn't this blind following of one man's *dicta* the echo of the "crazes" for violinists, new religions, and all that sort of galumfrey we used to have before the War—at the rate of two and three every season? That is why I say we are returning to the normal. I am quite ready for an argument.

"V.A.D." Gift to Princess Mary

I SUPPOSE the majority of women-readers of THE BYSTANDER worked for the V.A.D. during the War, and a letter I have just received from the Headquarters of the V.A.D. in reference to the proposed gift to Princess Mary, who was a Commandant, is of exceptional interest. The gist of it is to the effect that all past and present V.A.D. members are invited to join in the V.A.D. Wedding Gift which is to be presented to Commandant Her Royal Highness Princess Mary. Subscriptions which are limited to one shilling should be forwarded through the Commandant of the members' own detachment before January 1.

Cheering Up the Other Women

FRANKNESS in women is delightful. There was a discussion at a "hen-party" over buttered muffins and plum-cake, as to woman's reluctance to give her proper age.

"I wasn't going to let everybody know how old I was when I married," said one, "so I put 'full age' on the register."

"Oh, I always tell my age," said another, "I find the men don't mind, and it cheers up the other women!"

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

WEDDING OF LORD MOWBRAY'S SON

The Hon. William Stourton, M.C., Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, of Allerton Park, Knaresborough, and Miss Sheila Gully leaving Brompton Oratory after their marriage. The bride is a grand-daughter of the late Viscount Selby, for many years Speaker of the House of Commons

The Riviera Week by Week by Dunce-Scotus

NICE is getting decidedly lively. On November 28 I lunched at the Negresco Hotel, and found the big restaurant by no means empty—quite lot of British and Americans. Among the former Sir William Towle and Major Langton. It is a pleasure to see a springy dancing floor of wood instead of the marble or cement floors usually to be found on the Riviera. After lunch a school of dolphins were attracting a crowd in front of the hotel with their jolly circus performances unusually close to the shore—not 200 yards out. Then, about half a mile out, a sea-serpent of immense and most elastic dimensions was coyly showing itself, and causing huge excitement and expenditure of films. A perfect Babel of tongues fought over it. Gradually it dawned on me that it was caused by the wash on a big steamer which rolled in at intervals and raised a dark wave as it passed through a bit of water covered with oil, scum and dirt. Immediately afterwards a by no means pet fox was dragged along by a fair promenader.

THEN one was stopped by a big cordon of people watching the operations of the police between the Cunard Office and the Savoy Hotel. A foreign undesirable had half-killed a Russian woman whose house he was robbing; then he shot dead a brave telegraphist who had chased him, and wounded a policeman and an undaunted civilian—M. Hominal—who had continued the pursuit. He had

BY H. H. HARRIS

THE THREE ARTS BALL SKETCHED TO ITS MUSIC AT COVENT GARDEN ON THURSDAY LAST

THE RIVIERA WEEK BY WEEK (*concluded*)

taken refuge in an unoccupied part of the Luxembourg Hotel, where he kept all and sundry at bay for five hours before he surrendered. All and sundry included the *Député* and the *Préfet* for the Alpes Maritimes, the Secretary-General, the Chief of the Cabinet, etc., the Governor of Nice, the *Maire* and his Cabinet, the *Procureur*, the Judges, the chief Army officers of the district, the heads of all the various police and intelligence and fire-engine departments. They tried all sorts of plans to arrest him without further loss of life—water hoses, asphyxiating gas, and at last the threat of a bomb induced him to yield. Thousands, of course, took a holiday for the afternoon. It was better than a fête day! The family of the telegraphist is receiving much sympathy, and a substantial subscription is being raised.

Monsieur Martinez, of the Savoy, etc., at Nice, has arranged to run a rival casino very shortly, which is, of course, to be the last thing in brilliance and gaiety.

THE croquet courts at Menton are, as usual, in fine condition, and are already occupied by many devotees of the old game—including Major-General Sir Archibald Paris, Major-General Sir James Spens, Colonel Franklin, Mrs. Hicks, Colonel and Mrs. Shaw, and Mr. Moffat. There are now seven hard courts, and the clubrooms have been rearranged and enlarged. Mr. Ransome, the secretary, or Captain Crowley will be glad to give information. Major Rendall—a very fine tournament player—is engaged for the season to give lessons.

A big improvement for the East bay is the new arrangement by the P.L.M. Railway to stop all the passenger trains at the Garavan Station. The Casino programme includes grand opera by the Nice Company. French comedy by Monsieur Charles Baret's companies, while music-halls and dancing will be well catered for. The fancy balls and *vegliones* and battles of flowers have been rather notable successes in recent years.

Major-General Sir Percy and Lady Radcliffe, Lady Bellairs, Lady Watts, Admiral and Mrs. Ogilvy Millar, Mrs. Carroll, Major-General Sir Herbert and Lady Bunbury, Lady Black, Colonel G. Harrison and family are among the last arrivals. The Monday afternoon dances at the Hôtel de Venise are in full swing.

THE lovely niece of the late Tsar—the Princess Youssonpoff—has joined her husband with her brother—Theodore Alexandrovitch—who is having a rest cure at the Château Mer et Mont, in the Gorbio valley behind Menton. Prince Youssonpoff, it was reported, took part in the undoing of the notorious Rasputin.

GRANDE DUCHESSE ANASTASIE
Leaving her hotel at Monte Carlo

LADY JOHNSTONE
On the Golf Links at Cannes

Photographs *E. Navello*

A GOLFING SNAPSHOT
Baron Ramsay and Mr. Ashton (left) on the Cannes Golf Course. Mr. Ashton is secretary of the club

Queen Marguerite of Italy, who is at Bordighera, has been visiting the widowed Queen of Montenegro, who is with her son, Prince Danilo, at their Villa Augusta at Cap Martin.

A GOOD many *habitués* are back at Beaulieu already. Countess of Essex, at the Villa Loumas; Mr. and Mrs. Arathoon, at the Villa Mount Stuart; Princess Helena of Serbia, at the well-known Villa Trianon, Cap Ferrat; Sir Henry and Lady Samuelson, at the Villa La Montagne; M. Billot, at La Barrichonne; Dr. Berlioz, at the Villa La Sirène. The well-known tennis instructor, Mr. C. H. Ridding, has arrived at the Bristol.

The new English page of the *Eclaireur*, of Nice, suits many Anglo-Saxons, who thus get the news of the world up to date in French and the local news in English specially arranged for visitors, who hitherto have had to wait for the English weekly locals.

THERE are a good many people giving teas, etc., at Monte Carlo now, though the restaurant dining season has hardly begun. To-day Miss Laelia Bacon, sister of Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, is giving a bridge tea. She has arranged a most charming flat, full of old family pictures and books and furniture, where she receives her friends very often.

MR. and Mrs. Barstow—the Baroness Orczy—were at home recently in their Villa Bijou, where the Baroness has been very busy getting her garden into order, while Mr. Barstow paints his charming pictures in the large studio, which, by the way, has been serving as the English Church so far this season till larger accommodation is available. Among the guests: Marquise de Beaumont, Lady Spearman, Brig.-General Brewin, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Rear-Admiral Sir John Franklin and Lady Parry, Comte de Bourbel, Colonel Lanyon-Owen, etc.

Captain Chadwick's voice, in French, English, and Italian music, accompanied by his mother on the piano, gave much pleasure to the guests.

THE *Cameronia* arrived on December 3 with twenty-five New Yorkers for Monaco. It is a very fine sight to see these great liners running on a rocky coast at great speed, as they appear to do. They can ride at anchor within a stone's throw of the shore here.

Throughout the season, the French Riviera and Society's doings there will be fully and intelligently dealt with by Special Correspondents at the different centres, illustrated with drawings in black and white and colour, and with topical photographs.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

THE STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

AT THE KING'S THEATRE HAMMERSMITH

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

IN the brave days of old, before the germ of acute poverty bit us all so fiercely, I used occasionally to sit in my stockbroker's sanctum and talk with him of bulls and bears and stags, and the other fearful wildfowl of the Throgmorton menagerie. It never occurred to me at that time that I might be talking to a budding Garrick or a potential Kean. But I now see my mistake. Somehow, one associates the Stock Exchange exclusively with the worship of Mammon, and the everlasting insistence on the dismal and, to me, horrible truth that two and two make four. But it is now manifest that the pursuit of elusive fractions in the market place is in no wise incompatible with the practice of the arts when the shop is shut for the day. The revival of the *Three Musketeers* at the King's Theatre is presented by the Stock Exchange Amateurs, and if these people are as proficient in their business as they are in their hobby they should be paragons of material prosperity.

THIS is the version of Dumas's famous story that was produced by the late Mr. Lewis Waller at the old Globe Theatre, if I remember rightly, in Wych Street that was. The Musketeers who open the ball, as it were, are quite admirably represented by Messrs. Godfrey Washington (Athos), Hugh Queckett (Porthos), and Arthur King (Aramis). There is a clear professional air about their opening scene in which they throw dice, and lament the fact that in a bit of a scuffle with the Cardinal's Guards, they lost in the first round, but are going to arrange for a return match and capture the championship. Mr. Queckett (Porthos) has the advantage of a fine presence which lends ready support to his swaggering boasts that he wins favours from ladies of high degree, even though it should transpire, as it does later, that his conquests, if any, are restricted to what Sheridan would have called the "little milliner" class. D'Artagnan, who, as is

well known, is a fighter from the start, is represented with a lively excellence by Mr. Aubrey Prust, a member of a distinguished City House. Mr. Prust's acting is well above amateur level, and his sword play is admirable. At the Lyceum Theatre some years ago, the rapier fight between Sir Henry Irving and Sir Squire Bancroft was considered by the fencing experts of the day to represent the high-water mark of the stage duello; but I do not think it can have been very far in advance of the swordsmanship of Mr. Prust and his fellow musketeers. And if there are many fencers of this calibre in the City to-day, I shall adopt an extremely respectful attitude towards any broker whom I may interview in the future.

MR. HUBERT MEREDITH is the Cardinal Richelieu of the production, and imparts most successfully to the character that subtle blending of great dignity and cruel cunning which history and romantic fiction alike attribute to the great man. He is very convincing in his manner of complaining to the King as to the way in which the Musketeers have been knocking his Guards about, and the King (Mr. Desmond Whitaker) receives the sad news with the nice duplicity of tradition, affecting at one moment to sympathise with the Cardinal, and at another to show by a quiet aside his clear satisfaction that his Musketeers have been getting their own back. Both these gentlemen have the full measure of quality in their acting. Very well done, too, is the scene in which the Cardinal exhibits to the King the two stones from the Queen's necklace, with their disastrous implication of marital infidelity. Mr. Whitaker was regal enough in his reproaches to the Queen as to the slur on his honour (what you would call a home rail I suppose) while the Cardinal's anticipation of his triumph is ably conveyed by the face-play of Mr. Meredith.

THE Stock Exchange Amateurs have been singularly fortunate in the lady members of their company. Miss Nesta Sawyer is a real Queen. She is tall and majestic, and her emotions are expressed with the polite restraint that one supposes to be incidental to the etiquette of a very correct Court. Her fear of the Cardinal was shown with a nice, but not over-expressed realism; and all through the dreadful moments of supense connected with the recovery of the

HUBERT MEREDITH AS THE CARDINAL

NESTA SAWYER AS THE QUEEN

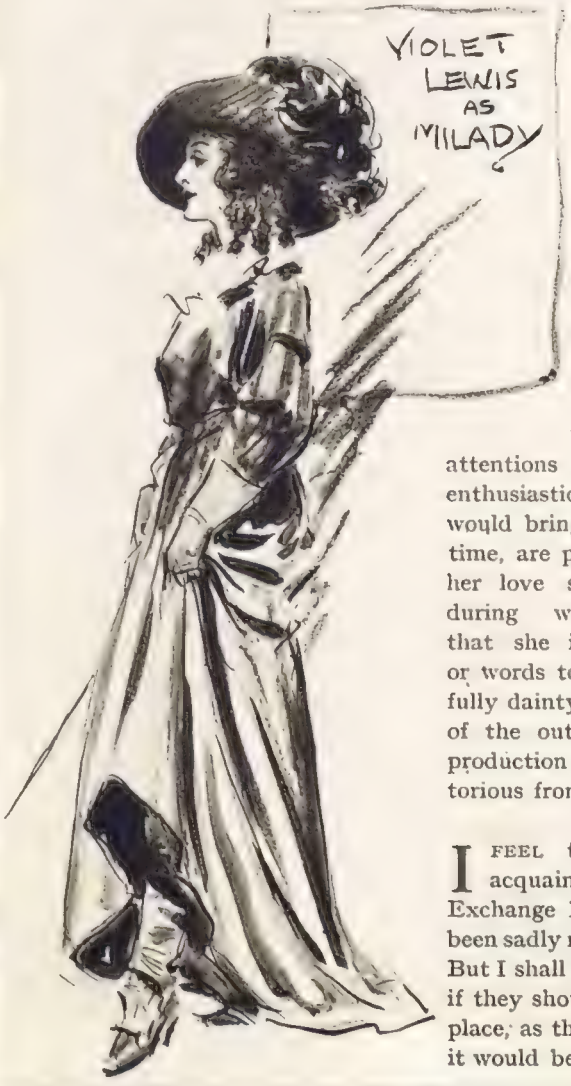
AUBREY PRUST AS D'ARTAGNAN

necklace, her anguish of mind was conveyed with very great ability. Miss Sawyer was a sympathetic character right from the start, and her performance is a valuable contribution to the success of the revival.

MRS. VIOLET LEWIS is another distinguished representative of this company. She is the wily "Miladi," at one moment wheedling and snakelike, and at another moment denouncing her enemies with a fine show of passion, and promising them all kinds of uncomfortable deaths. Her scene with D'Artagnan, in which he gets possession of the important letter, is well up to professional level and is one of the triumphs of the evening.

D'ARTAGNAN'S description of his fighting journey to England and back is very well given by Mr. Prust. The story is reminiscent of the toilsome way in which years ago they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, since Musketeer after Musketeer fell by the way and the hero was left to fight his way through alone. It is a very long speech, full of awkward pitfalls, but Mr. Prust engineered his way through triumphantly, and well deserved the generous reception accorded to him.

THEN there is the Gabrielle of Miss Ann Clarke, a performance of real distinction. Her girlish delight on receiving the first attentions of D'Artagnan, and her enthusiastic belief that her hero would bring back the necklace in time, are pleasingly natural. Then her love scene with D'Artagnan, during which he assures her that she is his preferred stock, or words to that effect, is delightfully dainty and tender, and is one of the outstanding features of a production that is highly meritorious from first to last.



I FEEL that in deferring my acquaintance with the Stock Exchange Players till now I have been sadly neglecting my education. But I shall endeavour to be on deck if they should break out in a fresh place, as they probably will; since it would be a pity to hide all that light under a bushel. A word is due on behalf of Mr. Leonard Graves, the Producer. It is true that Mr. Graves had very likely material to work upon in the company he has taken in hand, but the production is so complete in every detail that it is clearly the work of a very expert practitioner indeed. I take the liberty of congratulating the Stock Exchange Players on the success of their adventure. JINGLE

HAVE YOU . . ENTERED FOR

The Bystander

Title Competition?

Full details in

The Bystander Annual

FABLES
BY E. V. H. EMMETT

No one ever writes fables nowadays, and times have changed so much that those we have, handed down to us through many generations, are no longer applicable to everyday life. We are, therefore, offering the public new fables which, while differing but slightly from the old in substance and style, are more suited to modern times.

The old fables almost invariably opened with the meeting of travellers in a desert, and closed with the violent death of one or more of the parties.

Something after this style :

THE THREE TRAVELLERS

Three men met while travelling in a desert.

"Where are you going?" asked the first, who was a merchant.

"I am not," replied the second, who was a soldier.

"You are both wrong," said the third, who was a prince.

And drawing his sword he struck off their heads.

That would not happen nowadays. People don't use the deserts so much as they did. They get more deserted every year. The modern version, therefore, must be set in less romantic environment.

THE THREE TRAVELLERS

Three men, met, suddenly, in Piccadilly Circus.

"Where the something something are you a-coming to?" asked the first, who was a bus-driver.

"Do you want all the blinking road?" replied the second, who was a taxi-driver.

"You are both wrong," said the third, who was a policeman.

And drawing out his note-book he took their names and addresses.

Not so romantic, perhaps, but more usual.

Here is another of the old kind :—

THE TWO MEN.

Two men met at an inn.

"I have brains," said one, "but no money."

"I am rich," said the other, "but am not clever."

A column of smoke appeared and asked them if they would like to exchange.

"Yes," they said, and went away.

In a year they returned to the inn.

"I have lost all the money I was given," said the first. "Give me back my brains."

"No," said the second, "for with your brains I have made more money than I had before."

And he went on his way rejoicing.

Moral: *Be content with what you have.*

Columns of smoke seem to have lost the knack of doing that sort of thing. This is how the same fable would be told to-day :

THE TWO MEN.

Two men met at a pub.

"I've got the dibs," said one, "but I'm a gink."

"I'm quite a bright-eyes," said the other, "but I'm broke."

And while the first drank his beer the bright-eyed one sneaked his watch and melted away.

Moral: *Beware of pickpockets.*

The accomplished fabulist always told of a conversation between inanimate objects or animals. These never escaped destruction.

THE TWO MUGS

Two silver mugs had just been cleaned at an inn.

"I am the more handsome," said one.

"I hold the more," said the other.

"You talk too much," said the cook.

And he drowned them both in the pond.

Silver mugs are not great talkers to-day, and even if they were they would not be thrown away.

This up-to-date version, therefore, strikes a truer note :—

THE TWO MUGS

Two mugs had just been cleaned out on a race-course.

"I want my money," said one.

"I'll summons you," said the other.

"You talk too much," said the bookmaker.

And he pushed them both under a charabanc.

There is not much point in any of these, but people never understand fables. And as they will never admit that they don't it doesn't much matter.

E. V. H. EMMETT.

HONOURS EASY By NORMAN PETT

ENTHUSIASTIC GOLFER: "Do you know, I'd rather play golf than eat"
FRIEND: "But whatever does your wife say to that?"
ENTHUSIASTIC GOLFER: "Oh, well, you know, she's rather relieved, because she'd rather play bridge than cook"

For Next Season's Society Weddings

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Testing the specific gravity of confetti before packing, in one of our latest confetti mills

"THE GAME" By H. Radcliffe Wilson.

Voice From Crowd: "Now's yer chance, Charlie, pass out to yer wing!"

Can We Acquire the Continental Spirit?

BY "BOW-WINDOW"

Recently restrictions have been imposed upon an entertainment of the *cabaret* type, styling itself "The Midnight Follies." One can only suppose that it was the word "midnight" that perturbed the members of the L.C.C., for the entertainment itself is a delightfully light and refreshing affair. However, there is an ancient British superstition that links the small hours of the morning with wickedness, and the minute anyone tries to do anything after twelve o'clock the authorities get up in arms.

As a great concession the hours when we can get drinks have been extended, and dance clubs, too, are allowed to remain open later. But an iron hand still rules the theatre world. "If you insist on sitting up, we suppose you must," say the L.C.C., "but we are not going to help you amuse yourselves. You are much better in bed, anyway."

Which is exactly where the L.C.C. are wrong, for by adopting a policy of coercion they drive us in the opposite direction. Look what the result of Pussyfoot in America has been. A friend of mine returned from New York a little while ago with very decided views on the subject. He had been staying with some of the nicest American Society, and he said that to see the number of cocktails a young, pretty, and charming American woman would swallow before dinner—just because the Government had now forbidden her to drink anything—was truly appalling. Britishers and Americans have much in common in their temperaments, and I am sure that driving Londoners to bed by law will be no more successful.

Commercially, of course, it does a city no good to make it dull. It is a matter of common knowledge that British firms lost a lot of custom last summer through American visitors being driven by sheer boredom to Paris.

But the most ridiculous aspect of the case is that, if he is only allowed to do so peacefully, *the average Englishman wants to go early to bed.* He is much too keen on his business during the week and his sport at the end of it to keep late hours and fuddle either his brain or his eyesight. The Latin races admittedly are different. They are taking to *le sport* right nobly, but not yet at the expense of *la femme.* The average member of one of the Latin races would think it discourteous to a degree to say to a lady at a dance, "I must go home now as I want to get a good night's sleep before playing golf to-morrow." If she was young and pretty, incidentally, he would think such a remark excessively foolish.

But we are not like that. It is not the average Englishman's idea of enjoyment to sit up night after night in a smoky atmosphere. We are a breakfast-eating nation. We like our occasional night out—no one enjoys it more. But we are far too keen on hitting the birds in the beak, taking our fences straight, and reducing our golf handicaps to become Jack o'Lanterns. Left to themselves, English folk would never develop a systematic love of night life of an injurious kind. One wishes this was better understood by the members of the L.C.C.

"Ça Va Donc!" ("Isn't it Ripping!")

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

A French and an English girl hurtling down the luge run at the foot of Mont Blanc, in the beautiful valley of Chamonix. There seems little chance, this year at least, of the continual thaws of last season

"The O.C. Marriages"

LEAGUES OF NATIONS

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THERE is said to be hidden in the deepest recesses of the Excelsior Hotel a mysterious person whose word is law to every registrar in Cologne, and who is known to them as the "Englischer Heirats Offizier"—the O.C. Marriages. They have never seen him, this Cupid Militant, but picture him to themselves as of mild disposition, since it is before him that soldiers about to commit matrimony with the late enemy come and swear oaths.

IT was not at this bureau of Love, G.H.Q., that the Bystander in Occupation learnt some details concerning the formation of local Leagues of Nations, but from a regimental officer who had been detailed to see the knot safely tied for one of his own men.

"ARMED," he said," with the swear-paper, with permissions and declarations galore, including certificates that Blenkins' matrimonial past had either never existed or that he had got a proper discharge from it, I paraded and inspected him before he faced the Hun for the last time.

"'A small S.D.R. ration 'ud come in 'andy, sir,' he murmured. 'I 'ad more 'eart in me at Mametz Wood than I 'ave for this raid.'

"WHEN I saw him next at the register office the old fighting spirit seemed to have come back. He kept his eye on his bride as I have seen him do on less attractive-looking Germans under different circumstances, as if he were expecting her also to bolt from his custody at any moment. He faced the bearded old Ersatz Cupid, despite his alarming frock-coat and business-like quill pen, without a tremor. The 'Wedding Room' was bare of all furniture except six chairs and a green baize-covered table. A large money-box inscribed in German 'For the Poor Creatures' caused a slight misunderstanding, but Blenkins promptly restored it on my explaining that it was not in aid of himself and his bride.

"THE Ersatz Cupid reappeared, bearing a massive volume, issued, apparently, in lieu of bow and arrows. After ascertaining that Private-Soldier-of-the-British-Occupation-Army Blenkins really did wish to marry Fräulein Schneider and she him, he rather abruptly and Prussianistically pronounced the said parties to be well and truly married according to the People's Laws of the German Republic. How that last phrase must have stuck in his throat!

"THE bride, of course, signed the register wrongly, making Cupid go purple in the face. However, he recovered in time to present her with a neat little 'Householder's Book,' containing, in addition to a certificate of marriage, a great deal of Gothic print, apparently instructing her in the whole duties of the married state, including half a dozen recipes for the preparation of *sauerkraut* and sausages — at least, that's what Blenkins made of it. He himself was so overcome when Cupid unbent to offer him a congratulatory hand that he stuffed the entire paper contents of his purse into the poor-box. It took several minutes' work with a pen-knife to retrieve the ring which, in the excitement of the moment, he also presented to the poor of Cologne, after which I was relieved to see the wedding-party packed into a taxi *en route* for church and the *padre's* blessing, and to dismiss the parade."

SO that, whether you like it or not, is how it's done—and will continue to be until we learn how to keep a man sober by Act of Parliament, or single by G.R.O.

ERIC GORDON

"He faced the bearded old Ersatz Cupid in a frock-coat"

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

Living on Losses

BY BERT THOMAS

THE FARMER'S LAMENT

THE F

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

FRIEZE

"I Have a Little Shadow . . ."

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MEUM STEWART

In the London Pavilion production, "Fun of the Fayre," which is a motley collection of wonderful frocks, "most beautiful girls in the world," and other importations

LA MAISON

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

MES AMIS—

THERE is a play of the moment which may offer the delights to the Eugenists. On the other side it is certain to anger the mass of the moralists. As for the public in general, whether of the intelligent or the unintelligent section, it does furnish the interminable topic for the discussion. It is a play which may be talked much about by even people who have not been to see it. Possibly it is therefore the most talked of play in Paris. It has raised a new question in the sex-relationships, and there is not anything which is able to provoke the so great interest, is there? Also there is the feature of the self-sacrifice of a woman. And, as well, the patriotic element of "La France de Demain," which, to be translated into the English, means the next generation in the greater numbers than this one. Altogether, a production tightly packed with the problems.

"To be accompanied by a petite fille"

THE all-important question is, the which is the real wife of M. Santalis. Is it the lady who has been formally married to him by the law. Or is it the other one, who is the mother of the *petit* Santalis? In the opinion of the one who has the advantage of the formality, it is not she. *Bien entendu*, she is not any ordinary woman. If she had so been, she might just have rested on her very strong positions, and the other one might have considered that it should be wise to disappear. But Madame Santalis thinks powerfully of the future of the "line" and of the race, and so she announces that it is she who shall disappear. She had been absent for a number of years through an illness, and on her unexpected return has found that she who had been her *meilleure amie* has

DE L'HOMME

Sketches by MARCEL PONCIN

come to live with her husband. Naturally she has been very much grieved. She has been about to utter the reproaches when there has romped into the room the *petit* Santalis—and the reproaches have been killed. Before the illness it had been the tragedy of the home that there would not be a *petit* to carry on the "line." Now that there has been a solution to this problem, she has the instant determination to efface herself in the interests of all others. And she has the courage to take the action upon her generous impulse.

For the critics, of course, there is the weak point of the unreality to *la vie*. It is very well, has one said, to have the such exhibitions of the self-sacrifice on the stage. But in the real life, could it ever be? There have been even those who have suggested that a Madame Santalis of the flesh would go to buy a revolver or a poignard, the purchase to be straightway followed by a *crime passionnel*. Such a *dénouement* should, of course, seem much more in relation to the reports of such affairs in the newspapers. But it may be that "La Maison de l'Homme" shall introduce the new habits. There is not ever any telling in such matters.

At all the events there has seemed to be an increase in the fashionableness of *les enfants*. It has been

"She has superiorly said. . . ."

"The Little Girl in Red"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

OLIVETTE

An attractive little dancer who is appearing in "The Little Girl in Red," the new musical comedy which was successfully produced at the Gaiety last week

"LA MAISON DE L'HOMME" (*concluded*)

much remarked at the *thé dansants*, where it has become of the utmost *chic* to be accompanied by a *petite fille*, all bows and ringlets and

"By the production of the official document"

giraffey *jambes*. Some there are of the fashionables who have been seen with the *petites filles* at the *thé dansants*, but who have not ever been seen with them at any other place. And it has been commented by those of the pokenose persons that it has not always been the same *petite fille* with the which they have attended the tea-to-dance. But all has been explained when a *petite* has been discovered to have been left behind and, instead of to cry that she has lost *maman*, has confidently commenced to sip the remains of a cocktail through a straw. When one has suggested that she shall run to look for the disappeared mummy, she has superiorly said that that was only her *maman* for the afternoon and that her real one shall come to search for her at six hours and a half, when she shall have finished her work at the motor-car factory. She has been merely engaged on the hire-system by the lady who has left the undrinkable cocktail.

AND it is not always there is the necessity to pay for the *nouveauté*. There is most notably the delicious innovation of the railway company which has begun to supply the certificates to the typists and the *midinettes* who have been made late to work because of the *retard* on the train journey. This is the most precious boon for the suburbs. There is not any train which arrives at the time of schedule from these quarters, anyhow, so one is able to obtain the absolution all the time. It is so great a relief for the *petite* to be able to sooth the angry employer by the production of the official document stamped with the *tampon* of the station. *Sans doute* it is not so satisfactory for the *patron* who is no longer able to relieve his feelings by the growls and because he is aware of the possibilities of the wangles. But against this must be set the push into unanticipated popularity of the porter. Before this time the *belles* of the *banlieues* have not deigned to waste the pass-glance on the collector of the tickets. But now he is the objective on which the batteries of the bold, black eyes are unrelaxingly trained. To be the favourite of the porter-potentate is to have the key of the pass. A missed train can be so easily turned into a delayed one by the simple signature of the *contrôleur* on the certificate-slip. One has last winter had the jealousy of

"The privileged porter"

the much pursued male partner-to-dance, but his triumphs were but trivial beside the sudden and unshakable supremacy of the privileged porter. ROLAND

Photograph A. S. A.

A SOUTH COAST CAMEO

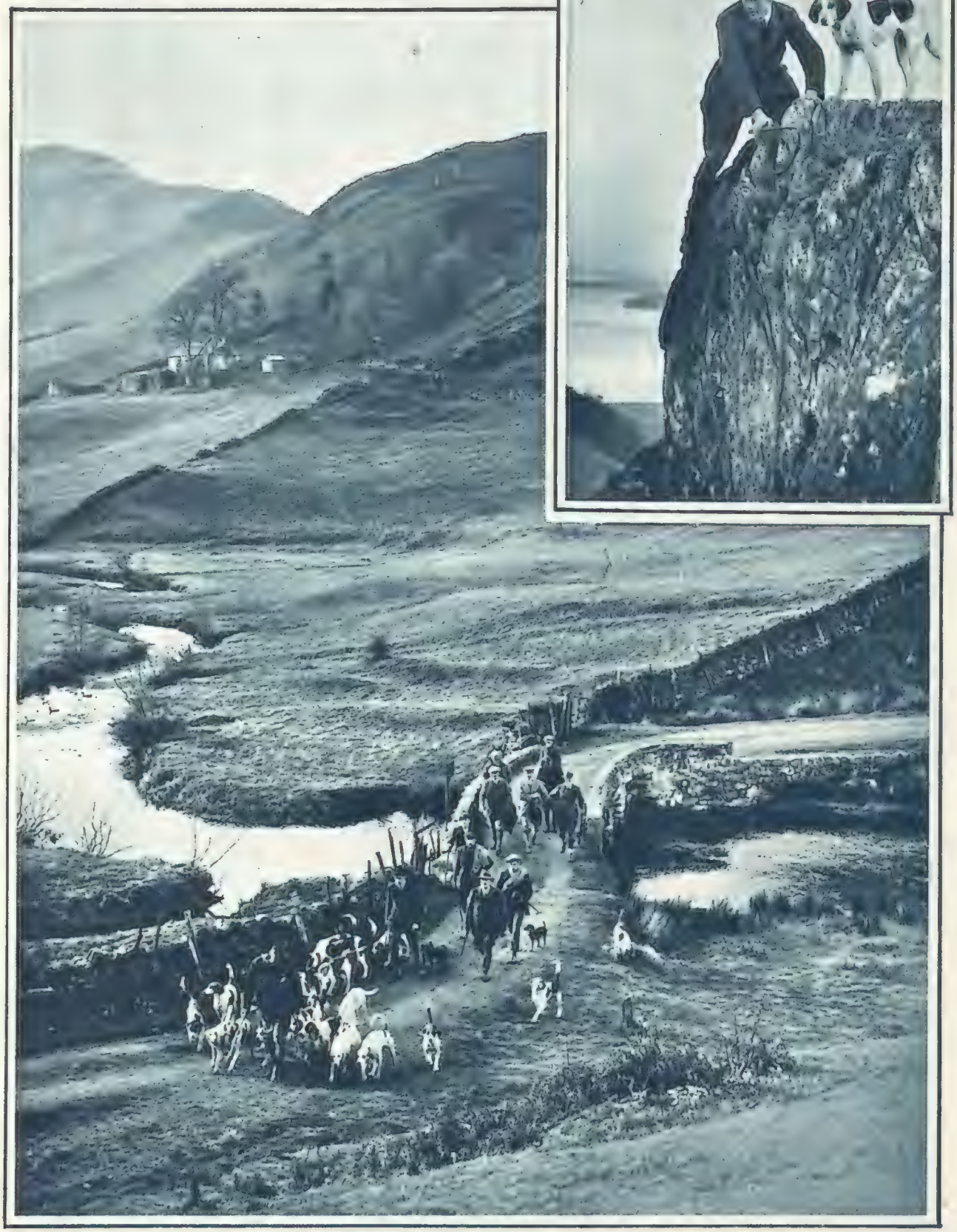
A snapshot of the Russian church (the dome of which reminds one of St. Paul's) at St. Raphael, in the Bay of Frejus on the Côte d'Azur. St. Raphael is one of the smaller, though none the less attractive, towns on the French Riviera

A Fragment from the Next War

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"If it 'adn't been for Washington it would be worse than this, Bert!"

FOX HUNTING ON FOOT
AMONG THE CUMBERLAND CRAGS



Photographs *Central Press*

OUT WITH THE ULLSWATER PACK

Followers of the Ullswater have to contend with some rough going, and as they hunt on foot members have no chance of slacking off if they would be in at the death. The small mountain stream over which the hunt is passing is near Martindale and leading them is Joe Bowman, the huntsman, 70 years of age. Inset gives some idea of the "going"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE WISH-STONE

BY

ASHLEY STERNE

THE drummer is really a very friendly, sociable fellow. A true democrat, he'll even place a journalist at his ease, and chat with him as with an equal. He don't care how often the glasses are refilled, and he don't care how often you pay for 'em. It was paying for 'em that extracted the ensuing story from one Andrew McAlister Michin in the rotunda of the Grand Rubberneck Hotel, Omaha, Nebraska, after a rather thin day he had experienced in that prosperous manufacturing centre. I had sympathetically expressed the wish that he might be more fortunate the following day.

"Unhappily," I added, "wishes don't seem to crystallise into fact nowadays. Fairies seem to have got tired of granting boons to humanity since wood-cutters spoilt the market by wishing for black-puddings."

The drummer smiled.

"Ever read 'The Monkey's Paw'?" he asked.

I nodded.

"D'you believe it?"

"One's not supposed to believe it," I answered. "Of course I don't! Do you?"

"I do," said the drummer, solemnly.

"Why?" I asked, amazed.

"Because," he replied, "I once struck a patch of solid, 24-carat, never-been-used, best fairy-made wishes."

I looked incredulous. I can't believe everything, not even after I've paid for five refills running.

"Did they come true?" I asked.

"They did," said the drummer; "else I shouldn't be here to-night. I'll just order a couple more drinks and then I'll tell you about it if you care to listen."

I waited expectantly for some moments, but nothing happened; so taking the hint I ordered two same-agains. Then, having ingurgitated his at a gulp, Andrew McA. Michin spake in this wise.

. . . . .

It all happened nearly forty years ago when they began to find lumps o' gold the size o' pumpkins at Rustlin' Creek, 'bout eighty miles nor'-west o' Denver. I wasn't a drummer then. Me and my pard Jim Dawson was jest youngsters prospectin' for gold in the lower slopes round the neighbourhood o' Long's Peak.

When we gotten the news that someone had struck it in chunks at Rustlin' Creek me and Jim was two o' the few first to get there and peg out a claim. There was no township there as there is to-day; not a shack, not a shanty, not even a saloon. We jest pitched our tent along of our claim, and got to work.

We'd been at it 'bout three weeks with nothin' doin'—the gold was mostly bein' found in pockets and we hadn't even found a placket-hole as you might say—when one evenin', jest as we was debatin' chuckin' the claim and peggin' out another, a rum-lookin' cuss I didn't remember havin' seen before stuck his head in our tent and asked quite short—

"Got any whisky?"

"Yus, thanks, mate," says Jim quick. "So long!"

"Then for the love o' Mike gimme a drop," he said, "for I guess you-all are the only boys in this darnation camp that's got any spirits at all!"

We was for slingin' him out, when we spotted he'd got a gun in his belt, whereas Jim's and mine was hangin' on a hook on the tent-pole. So I jest nodded, and he stepped in. Jim pointed to the jar, chucked him a tin mug, and told him to help himself.

Gee! but the cuss took him at his word! He had swigged off most a couple o' pints before we could stop him, and then fell on the floor as senseless a lump o' dead-drunk as ever I've seen. You don't know what whisky was in those days, else you wouldn't be surprised that a mere quart could put him to sleep so quick. However, we heaved him on to a pile o' sacks, and reck'nin' he wouldn't want any further attention for another twelve hours, Jim and me turned in, too.

We woke early next mornin', but our guest had woke earlier and was gone. The rest of the whisky had gone, too, as an inside-passenger, for the jar was bone-dry. On the pile o' sacks we found a crumpled bit o' paper, and in the paper a queer-shaped stone, something like a star-fish, but with only four corners instead o' five.

"He might at least 've left us a nugget," I says.

"Happen he has," chuckled Jim, who had smoothed out the crumpled paper and was lookin' at it close—like a bum examinin' a fifty-dollar bill he's found in the gutter. "What d'you make o' this?" and he handed the paper over to me.

On it was scribbled in scrawly handwritin'—as well as I can remember—something like this:—

"I aint got no money nor no dust so I cant pay for the whisky but I leave you this stone instead what will grant you four wishes they aint none of 'em ever been used as I was brought up religious and don't hold with them ideas jest hold it in your hand and wish. Conk Peters."

"Now, Jim," I said, when I'd finished readin' it, "as this stone's all Mr. Conk Peters has left us 'cept a overpowerin' smell o' stale whisky, let's see if them wishes will work. As we're pards it must be a wish for the good o' both of us. What d'you say—shall I wish the claim full o' stuff?"

Jim laughed sarcastic-like.

"Might jest as well wish it full o' rubies or huckleberry pie," says he. "I ain't kidded there's any fairy-godmother stunt in that petrified old star-fish."

"Well, I ain't exactly a pie-can, either," I said, "but there's no harm in tryin', anyway."

"Wish away, then, Andy!" says Jim. "Meanwhile, I'll be steppin' over to the claim so's to be ready to throw the nuggets over to you. You jest stay here and catch 'em!"

And with that Jim cleared off. Then I took the stone in my hand

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"THE WISH-STONE" (*concluded*)

and wished out loud that our claim was full o' gold. After that I hurried after Jim. He'd got his pick up ready to strike when he saw me comin'.

"Done it?" he called out.

"I have," I said. "Notice any difference?"

"Not yet," said Jim, with a grin. "I guess the wish ain't hardly had time to alter the geology o' the country."

Jim raised his pick as if to strike, then suddenly slung it to one side and stared hard at a spot on the ground a few feet in front of him.

"My holy aunt! My holy aunt!" was all he could say, over and over again.

I ran up.

"What is it, Jim?" I cried, excited.

But he could only gibber his holy aunt and point. I followed his finger, and as sure as I've finished this drink, sir, there was a yaller protub'rance lit'rally bustin' out o' the ground.

"I'll swear my solemn davy," said Jim, bewildered-like, when he at last found full power o' speech again, "that it wasn't there two minutes ago!"

"O' course it wasn't. I hadn't wished then," I reminded him.

Jim scratched his head. It was clear he didn't know what to make of it.

"D'you really think the wish done it?" he asked.

"Either that, or else your holy aunt's pushed it up." I said. "Anyway, here's the stuff at last, however it arrived. S'pose we dig it out?"

We set to work and soon got it out. And a fine chap he was, too; tipped the beam at 300 ounces when we took him into Denver a few days later. We sold him for 6,000 dollars; not that that cut much ice for either of us, for after a spree lastin' nearly a week we lost the rest playin' stud-poker in what was then Mike Sullivan's saloon and what's now a Methodist chapel—serve him right, the clam-faced old pirate!

Well, the first wish had come true, and Jim, looking as thoughtful as a convert on the penitents' form at a revival meetin', was sittin' on the ground makin' a sort o' cradle out of his shirt in which to carry the nugget to a cache we had found in a rock some little distance away, and in which we had agreed to hide any gold we dug, when we heard a soft, rattly noise like somebody shakin' poker-chips. I was lookin' round wonderin' where the noise was comin' from when Jim gave a yell and bounded into the air as if he'd jest found a nest o' hornets in his pants.

"Look out, Andy!" he shouted. "Here's one o' them durned rattlers! It's jest bit me on the knee."

And Jim did about the brightest buck-and-wing dance I've ever seen, tryin' to get his boot on the snake. Neither of us had sticks, so we couldn't beat it off, and I was jest about to grab the pick when the brute left Jim, turned on me, and before I could dodge it, had bit me on the shin. Then it went for Jim again, but Jim got that mad he kicked wildly at the snake without ever once hittin' it.

"Got the wish-stone, Andy?" he yelled at last.

"Yes!" I says.

"Then for heaven's sake wish this dog-gone rattler dead!"

I don't know why I hadn't thought o' that before, but I whipped the wish-stone out o' my pocket and wished jest as quick as ever I've wished anything in my life. You can believe me or not, sir, but I'd hardly got the wish off my chest before that rattler seemed to scriggle up like a bit o' catgut in the fire, and when it lay quite still Jim put his heel on its head in case it had only gone into a trance.

"That's two wishes gone, Jim," I said, as we carried the nugget between us down to the tent, "and both've come true!"

"Then you'd best be getting busy on the third one, wishing ourselves cured," said Jim. "You ain't forgot that rattler-bite is fatal?"

As a matter o' fact I had forgotten it. Somehow, when I found the second wish come true by layin' out the snake, I thought our troubles was all over.

"That's quickly done," I says, "and we shall still have one wish left to play with."

And so, leavin' the nugget for the time bein' in the tent, I put me hand into my pocket for the wish-stone. But though I went all through my pants half-a-dozen times I couldn't find it. Jim looked on sorter anxious-like.

"Pity you ain't got another pocket," he said, a bit rattled; "it might be in that."

"I must've dropped it on the claim, Jim," I said, at last.

"Come on, then!" says Jim, hurrying off. "I'm beginnin' to feel a kind o' numbness creepin' up my legs."

"Same here," I said; "gets higher and higher every second."

And when I thought that if we couldn't find that blinkin' star-fish we was doomed men, you could have heard my heart fall into my boots, and we started scratchin' over the surface of the claim like as if we was attorneys at a poll lookin' for dud ballot-papers.

"Jim, old pard," I said, after we'd been searchin' for well-nigh ten minutes, "if we don't find that stone in a brace o' shakes I'm a coroner's job. I'm gone up to the waist already."

"Count me in, too," says Jim. 'It'll reach our hearts directly, and our next claim, I guess, will be in Jerusalem the golden."

We groped about a while longer, feelin' worse and worse every second, when jest as I was beginnin' to hear angels singin' in my ears and Jim lookin' as if he was expectin' a fiery chariot to roll up any moment, I found the stone.

"I've got it! I've got it, old son!" I cried, with what might well've been my dying breath, and in less time than it takes to tell it I'd wished Jim and me cured o' snake-bite. In fact, I wished so quick I wondered whether it would work. However, and as true as I sit here, sir, me and Jim was eatin' a can o' pork-and-beans half-an-hour later.

Well, there ain't much more to tell, 'cept that some years later Jim's uncle in Texas pegged out and left him a mintful o' dollars, and there was no need for Jim to work at anything harder than euchre and drawin' corks for the rest of his life. So we dissolved partnership, and Jim's partin' gift to me was his share o' the fourth wish."

. . . . .

The drummer stopped. He fumbled in his pocket, and then tossed on the table a four-pointed flint.

"There's the very stone, sir," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "in proof of what I've been tellin' you!"

I gazed at the relic with suitable awe.

"What became of the fourth wish?" I asked.

"Sir," said the drummer, impressively, laying a confidential hand on my arm, "you'll pardon me sayin' I've taken a strong fancy to you. I'd like to do you a good turn—to give you the chance of a life-time. *Now that last wish ain't ever been used, and it's yours for a hundred dollars!*"

I pretended to cogitate the matter carefully for a minute. Then I said:

"I'm much obliged to you for your generous offer, Mr. Michin, but, unfortunately, I'm a trifle absent-minded at times, and I'm due at my mother-in-law's birthday-party to-morrow. The analogy is this: supposing I have that stone in my hand when I wish her many happy returns of the day?"

The drummer grinned.

"I don't hold with sinful waste, either," he said. "But think it over—think it over, pard; and if ever you change your mind, why, Andrew McA. Michin, Wichita, Kansas, will always find me. Say, boy! Bring two more whiskies!"

ASHLEY STERNE

London Clubs

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

No. II.—"THE TURF"

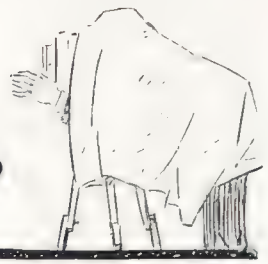
BY LAURIE TAYLER

A CHEAP (?) GALA NIGHT

IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette



Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December* 12

DEAR COUSIN—

AM rapidly coming to the conclusion that winter's not really such a bad season after all. Have always, somehow, hated it for its grey deadness, after all the tingling promise of spring and the gorgeous life of summer and the rich golden flavour of autumn. But I'm not altogether quite so sure now.

ESPECIALLY after a (very flying) visit to Holland, where just now you can see what the supreme joys of winter really can be. Have a taste of 'em over here every now and then, of course, we do, but over there—well (having flitted across *via* the celebrated Hook), you just get on your skates in the middle of the quiet old Hague, and start off (with merry party) down one of the main canals, and then. . . . Then you go on skating for miles and miles and miles, from town to town and village to village, with nothing to stop you, unless you happen to take the wrong turning and lose your way—which does *sometimes* happen.

AIR crystal clear, great sweeping strokes of the long Dutch shallow-bladed skates making lovely music all the time, the singing of little, simple, foolish folk-songs as you swing along hand-in-hand through the day and the dusk, delightful unexpected meals of hot soup and smoked-meat sandwiches and things at the restaurants that have sprung up at a moment's notice all along the banks of the frozen waters. . . . Makes one feel, I must confess, that life isn't altogether wasted and empty, even in the days that seemed so utterly grey and dull.

AND here in England now, too, methinks, life has its points—spite of fogs and mists and drizzles and chills and the kind of British frosts that never (or hardly ever) produce any real, proper harvest of ice, but just crops of flu. and bronch., and pneu., and all the rest of it.

"Skating in Holland"

ALMOST worth the gold (I mean cold) just to feel the way the protecting, encircling arm of Olympian kindness is around one all the time, these dreary and dark and depressing days. *So* cheering, I mean, for instance, to be tactfully assured by "our medical correspondent" that it's not really the slightest good having your window open at night if you feel the least shivery, or taking a cold bath in the morning unless it gives you a real healthy after-glow, and all that.

AND to be told, if you do happen by any chance to be trying to economise—as which of us isn't, after all, these days?—that the very best of all winter foods, the most sustaining and stimulating and bracing and everything else that's good is . . . ? No, *not* (for once) salmon or sturgeon or capercailzie or kingfishers' tongues or Bulgarian woodcock, but just a plain British fresh herring, price one penny per time (or less, perhaps, in the less fashionable neighbourhoods)! And to be actually instructed, if feeling weakish, to take to quite ordinary fruits and veg. and exercise, instead of (as per pre-Georgian docs.) chicken and asparagus and pineapples and champagne, and at *least* a couple of months on the Riviera just to make a start with!

BUT talking of winter—really *isn't* altogether such a bad sort of time, you know, for us (just a few millions) who are staying here in England now. Some of us, of course, are just starting out for winter sports in Switzerland, which about this period or juncture begin to get into their stride, so long, that is, as you choose somewhere that's at least four or five thousand feet up.

CAN'T imagine, though, a really more frightfully and awfully disastrous and depressing thing, can you, than to find yourself landed (as does

happen sometimes, alas !) at a winter sports place *sans* snow *or* ice, with nothing on earth to do but watch (from a window) the drip-drip of the rain, and grouse. Till even the evening's dance loses at least half its charm and verve and vim and all that sort of thing—what ?

REALLY must return to England now, though, mustn't we ?—having dallied so long (in thought) on the lovely snow slopes of St. Moritz and Davos and Wengen and Murren and Adelboden and Chamonix and the rest. Where life's so frightfully and fascinatingly fresh and ideal that we must quit it quickly lest we get all sorts of wrong values and ideas about our own ordinary kind of one here at home. . . .

"Crops of flu. and bronch. and pneu."

BUT "tush, I am puling!" as the Vicar remarks in that perfectly good Gilbert and Sullivan show *The Sorcerer*, wherewith the G. and S. Co. has just been regaling us at the Princes. And wherein it was, as customary in G. and S. plays (just like Shakespeare), perfectly delightful to track down every other moment lovely old classic like—

Time was when Love and I were well acquainted . . .
Ah me, I was a pale young curate then—

and such stirring and world-famous lyrics as that one which joyfully carols the cordial invitation—

Now for the eggs and the ham,
Now for the mustard and cress,
Now for the strawberry jam. . . .
The rollicking bun,
And the gay Sally Lunn—
The rollicking, rollicking bun.

"The very best of all winter foods is a plain British herring"

DOES tend to prove, you know, methinks, that we can't be *quite* so utterly bad and decadent as we're painted. The positive crowds and hordes, I mean, that simply flock to witness the infinitely innocent diversions of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, whether in Town or country—and after all these years, too, when you might have thought the alleged humours thereof must have got quite entirely and completely out of date.

COULDN'T be anything much simpler either in the way of amusement, I suppose, than dancing — which seems to go stronger and stronger every week here, in London now. After all, it's just the same ingredients over and over again time after time, isn't it . . . some men, some women, some music, and a floor ? And even when the scene changes the programme doesn't —especially now we've simplified things down to just fox-trot, one-step, and waltz, mixed according to taste.

SERVES *such* good purps., too, dancing does—quite apart from the mere pleasure, I mean, of gliding around (in the right company) to the dulcet strains of "Coal Black Mammy" or "Wild Rose," or "Love Bird," or "I Never Knew." Dancing for the *Entente* we were, *par exemple*—which seems to need some cementing these days—at the Suffolk Galleries the other night, where the Anglo-French Society had a great international evening on one of the best floors in Town, complete with photographer's studio and all.

AND for yet another most excellent cause is the big dance of this week, the Garden Party ball at the Connaught Rooms, which is, of course, for the benefit of the distressed among *the* profession. Everybody, including Royalty, it is rumoured, will be there. The whole of the *A to Z* company from the Prince of Wales will be present to add verve and vim to the gaiety of the event. And there are to be four non-stop bands, and impromptu movies, and gifts for everyone . . . not *too* painfully simple, a show *this* one anyhow, what ?

WELL, here's thanking the Lord the War's over—for a while at least—in Ireland (I mean the Irish Free State) now.

With love, yours ever,

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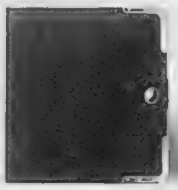

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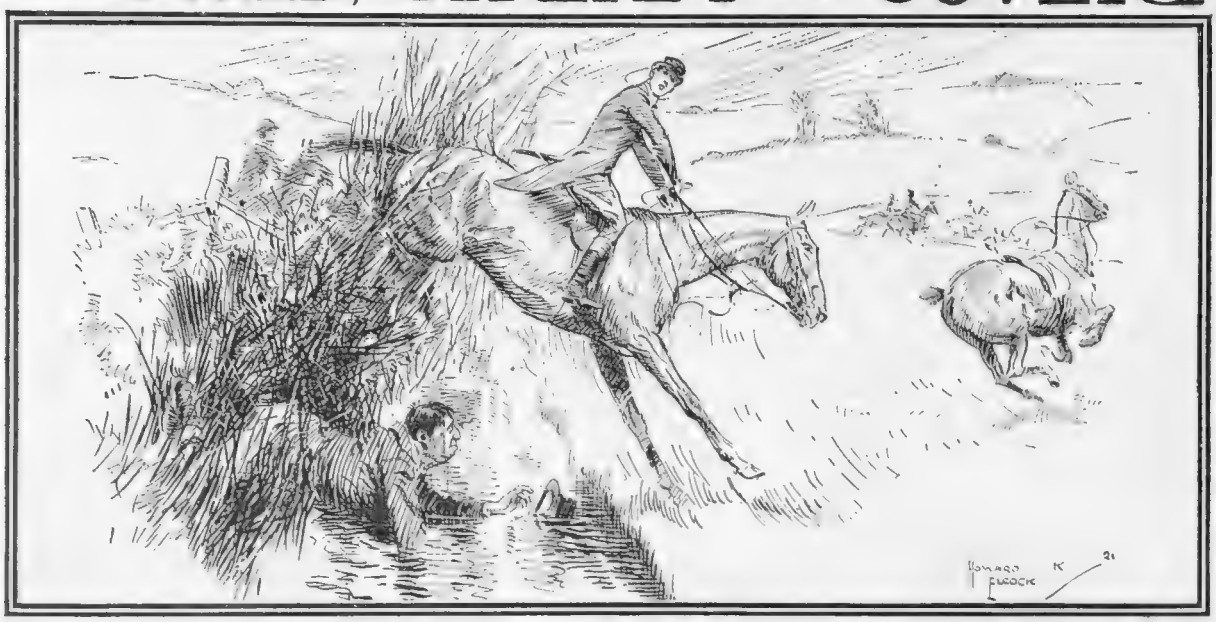

ALL IN THE RUNNING

By Howard K. Elcock

"Hurt, sir?"

"Thanks—no, just a wash and brush up!"

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Good Going

December sport has settled down well. Scent, of course, has been variable, but on the whole followers of hounds have had little to complain of this month. The majority of packs have had their hours of triumph. One of the best things with the Quorn was a remarkably good half-hour from the Prince of Wales covert. Very few members of the famous Leicestershire Hunt will remember when that historic gorse was first planted. It is exactly half a century old.

A Famous Covert

King Edward (then Prince of Wales) attended a meet at Baggrave Hall, and General Burnaby, the father of the present joint Master of the Quorn, gave a wonderful hunt breakfast. At the entrance of the park was a triumphal arch, on which were inscribed the names of every Master who had hunted the Quorn country for the previous hundred years. During the morning the Prince sowed the first seeds of the new gorse which General Burnaby had resolved to present to the Hunt. That covert soon became one of the best strongholds of foxes in the Shires.

Getting the Wire Down

Pytchley people have come in for their share of good sport. Last week, as an example, they had a fine hunt of two hours and a half from Watford Covert. The longest point was six miles, but hounds covered fully ten miles more before their fox got safely to ground in a drain. The Pytchley country is now much less entangled by wire than it has been at any time since the War. This happy result may be attributed to the carefully organised system of dealing with the trouble which the joint Masters initiated. The country has been divided into so many small sections, each with an agent whose special job it has been to see that the wire in his district should be removed. This intensive style of dealing with the obstruction might well be adopted in all countries where wire has become a grave nuisance.

"CHIN CHIN" By "The Tout"

Percy Woodland, whose dapper figure is such a feature at the jumping meetings. Made a big name for himself as a cross-country rider and now trains "leppers." Amongst his charges is the smart 'chaser "Chin Chin," who has already begun a triumphant career over the sticks

Varying Luck

You never can tell what your luck is going to be when hounds leave the meeting-place to draw the first covert. There was every indication of a good day's sport when the Grafton met at Heathencote last week, yet the day proved a complete disappointment. Foxes got quickly underground or else were unluckily headed from their points. As a final disaster hounds crossed a river which threw the field completely out of touch with them. By way of contrast, the same pack were in capital form after their meet at Adstone a few days previously. They showed a fast spin in the morning and had an

(Continued on page 646)

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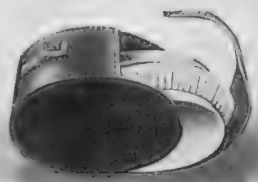

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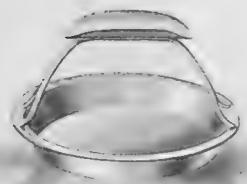

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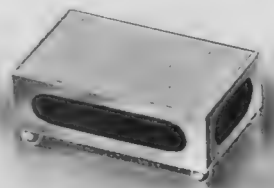

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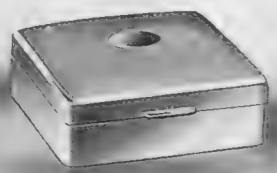

Solid Silver Engine-turned Cigarette Box, lined Cedar Size 3⅜ by 3⅛ inches.

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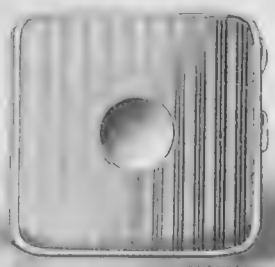

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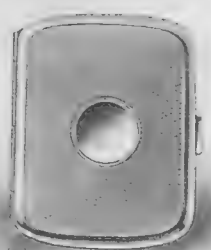

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THE MASTER OF THE WESTMEATH AND HIS WIFE

Mr. E. W. Hope-Johnstone, the popular Master of the Westmeath Hunt, with his wife Mr. Hope-Johnstone is a nephew of that fine rider, the late Capt. Wentworth Hope-Johnstone of the 7th Hussars. He is Johnstone of Annandale in Galloway, but chiefly resides in Ireland, where he has bought Lord Greville's Irish seat, Clonhugh

excellent hunt of forty-five minutes in the afternoon.

A Great Enthusiast

MAJOR DAVID DAVIES, who has just been elected president of the Peterborough Agricultural Society, is one of the most enthusiastic hunting people that I know. Not content with hunting his own pack from Llandinam in Montgomeryshire he has lately become a joint Master of the United Hunt. He runs a pack of beagles and is also a Master of otter-hounds. There's energy for you! A visit I made to this part of the country a little time back was full of interest. In addition to his hounds, which have a good deal of fine old Welsh blood, I saw some fine hunters of Major Davies's own breeding, and a number of first-class Shire horses.

Trophies of the Chase

A FINE collection of trophies of the Chase is contained in the private museum at Llandinam, for Major Davies has shot big game in all parts of the world. He is now interesting himself in racing, and the success of his filly Senhora in a hurdle race at Gatwick will have given him special satisfaction. He hopes one of these days to see his colours carried to the front in the Grand National.

The Craven's Loss

ONE of the best of Berkshire sportsmen has lately passed away in the person of Colonel G. C. Ricardo. Nobody has ever done more to promote the success of hunting in the Craven country. Formerly Master of the pack, he subsequently put in many seasons in the responsible office of hunt secretary. He had a splendid way of dealing with any cases of friction that arose from time to time, and in many directions was the ideal "hon. sec." Practically all his life he had been associated with horse and hound, and he will be sadly missed in Berkshire sporting circles. A.W.C.

Photographs *Poole, Waterford*

THE MASTER OF THE COTSWOLD

Captain W. M. Muir, at a meet of the Cotswold Hunt

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

Reformers

THIS is the period of the year when the would-be Turf reformers get busy. The moderate character of current racing enables the newspapers to devote more space to legislative questions than they are able to do when sport on the flat is in full swing. The speeches at the Gimcrack Club dinner come as a godsend to writers hard up for topics of interest. Lord Jersey's remarks have, of course, already been discussed at considerable length in the sporting Press. He has been patted on the back by those to whom the pari-mutuel is an accursed thing. Naturally, his arguments have been severely criticised by those who think the other way. There is a heap to be said on both sides, but I believe the general view of racing people is that it would be hazardous to agitate such a drastic experiment as the introduction of the pari-mutuel. "We get along tolerably well as it is, so why make changes and invite possible trouble?" says the average racegoer.

WITH THE ATHERSTONE

The popular Master of the Atherstone, Major H. Hawkins, of Mancetter House, near Atherstone, and his daughter, at a recent meet of the Atherstone

Morals

THEN there is the much-discussed question of the appointment of stipendiary stewards. Lord Jersey is much against this suggestion, and has presented a plausible case for leaving the honorary stewards to look after the morals of the sport. No doubt there

Photograph *Sport and General*

MEET OF THE HALDON HARRIERS AT MAMHEAD, EXETER

Some of Sir Robert Newman's house party at the meet of the Haldon Harriers. From left to right: Viscount Stopford, Lady Goodson, Sir Alfred L. Goodson (the master), Mr. F. Lumley (behind), Sir Robert Newman, Bart., M.P., Mr. Mark Ball, Miss Orpen (behind), Lady Stopford, Mrs. Stopford, Mrs. Gaisty Mrs. Mark Ball, the Rev. Mr. Evans

is a lot of in-and-out running, both on the flat and over the obstacles. The trouble is to prove fraudulent intentions in these cases. I question whether the "stipe" could do any better in this direction than the men who now officiate as stewards. Presumably the only power with which he could be invested would be to report suspicious cases to the higher authorities. That power already belongs to local stewards, who are mostly men of great racing experience. If all the gossip of ring and paddock were to be heeded, there would be official enquiries after well-nigh every race. Often that gossip is so much loose talk which cannot be substantiated in any practical manner.

A Quiet Spell

I AM not surprised that last week's programme at Gatwick was rather unsuccessful. For a mid-week fixture, with no opposition of any sort, it was a decidedly mediocre card, and the executive were lucky to escape two or three walks-over. Things were livelier at Sandown Park at the end of the week, but National Hunt sport always seems to hang fire a little until the New Year. Owners of the best-class steeplechasers have their eyes on the Grand National the whole time, and we never see the best jumping form until the weights for that race are published. One of the top-notchers who did appear last week was Turkey Buzzard. He is sure to be a prominent candidate again at Aintree next spring, and I wish him better luck there than he encountered last season.

Photograph *Photo Press*

SIR CHARLES WIGGIN

Who is now Master of the Earl of Yarborough's pack at Brocklesbury Park, Lincolnshire, in place of Lord Worsley, who is now hunting with the Belvoir

Photograph *Central News*

OUT WITH THE GARTH

Lady Villiers, a regular follower of the Garth, at the meet at Easthampstead Park, the Marquis of Downshire's seat near Windsor

Some Selections

AT Windsor on Wednesday SILVER RING or SIR HUON should win the chief handicap for Sir James Buchanan. On the following day **Double Bed** is my selection for the December Hurdle Handicap. At Lingfield on Friday **Mawgoory** has a good chance in the second division of the Southern Steeplechase, and the first division on the next day may go to Gore's selected, SOUTHAMPTON or CULPRIT.

SPORTS and PASTIMES

Photograph *Central News*

V. R. PRICE FOILED

By a tackle of the right kind. The Cambridge tackling as a whole, however, was not as good as it might have been

Photograph *Central News*

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE MAN WITH THE BALL

In the 'Varsity Rugby Football match at Twickenham last Thursday, which Oxford won by a goal and two tries to a goal. The Oxford man is being well looked after by several of the Cambridge forwards, including the captain, R. Cove-Smith, who has got him by the head. Caricatures by Miss Phyllis Kermode of the players appeared in our issue of December 7

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The 'Varsity Match

I THINK it must be conceded that the eleventh-hour rearrangement of the Cambridge team against Oxford on Thursday last, necessitated by the indisposition of D. P. Thres, meant an appreciable reduction in their scoring power. They had to put K. R. J. Saxon in Thres's place at stand-off half instead of in his proper place on the wing, which is the place for anyone who can sprint about twice as fast as any other man on the field, and can do a bit of dodging into the bargain. In last week's BYSTANDER I expressed a belief (expecting that he would be on the wing) that his play might be the determining factor in the match, and I am sorry, although I belong to the opposite camp, that that belief could not be put to the test.

The Will to Win

YET in spite of this drawback Cambridge ought to have won. Please note that this does not mean that they deserved to win—which is a different thing. Oxford thoroughly deserved their victory because, though they got far fewer chances, they made far better use of them. Cambridge were attacking for the first twenty minutes in the first half and for longer still in the second. But they only scored once, and then luckily. In the second half they had two " sitting " tries, which were thrown away because Hamilton Wickes held on too long while two men on his left were backing up, well placed for the pass which never came. Both centres were at fault in this respect, and, moreover, they overdid the kicking business. Oxford, on the other hand, had the will to win. They never hesitated in the carrying on of a movement of any sort that looked at all promising, and their first try was quite a masterpiece of its kind. Pitman was the scorer, but it was Campbell's return pass to Pitman, from whom he had just received the ball, which did the trick. Pitman's second try was also the outcome of good combined work, which enabled him to score with a well-timed pass from David, whilst David's try was a fine piece of individualism, though someone of the many men whom he eluded ought surely to have tackled him.

Some Pertinent Reflections

THE match, though thrilling enough, was by no means a great one. The spirit was undoubtedly willing, but the flesh was at times pretty weak. There was a lot of forward passing, and the tackling, downright enough at times, was at others curiously weak. The " affectionate embrace," somewhere about neck-high, was very much in evidence. But the Oxford defence—more highly tried—was the better of the two, and Forsayth stood out as a real full-back, cool, collected, and resourceful. No one, I think, expected that the Oxford forwards would keep their end up quite as well as they did. They were never completely mastered by the Cambridge eight, though, especially in the tight scrummages, they were often outplayed. Once, just about the time when Cambridge got their try, it looked as if they might go to pieces, but they rallied again, and were holding their own at the finish. I think that the really able way in which their captain, Campbell, did something with the ball every time they were able to heel it to him must have put a lot of heart into them.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The F.A. and the Women

THERE are cases on record of girls playing, or attempting to play, " Rugger," but in the only case within my personal knowledge tackling had to be barred, and a touch substituted for a tackle, because the girls could not resist the temptation of collaring each other by the hair! Consequently it was a very mild game indeed. But " Soccer," as we know, is played by women, and I believe that the practice is on the increase, although it would be difficult to find a game more unsuitable for them. Consequently, the decision of the Football Association that the grounds of clubs affiliated to it must not be used for the playing of football matches by women has been very widely approved. The game, apart from the question whether it is good for them or not, is only a travesty of the game as played by men, and, in their misguided efforts, they only succeed in making themselves look ridiculous.

(*Continued on page 652*)

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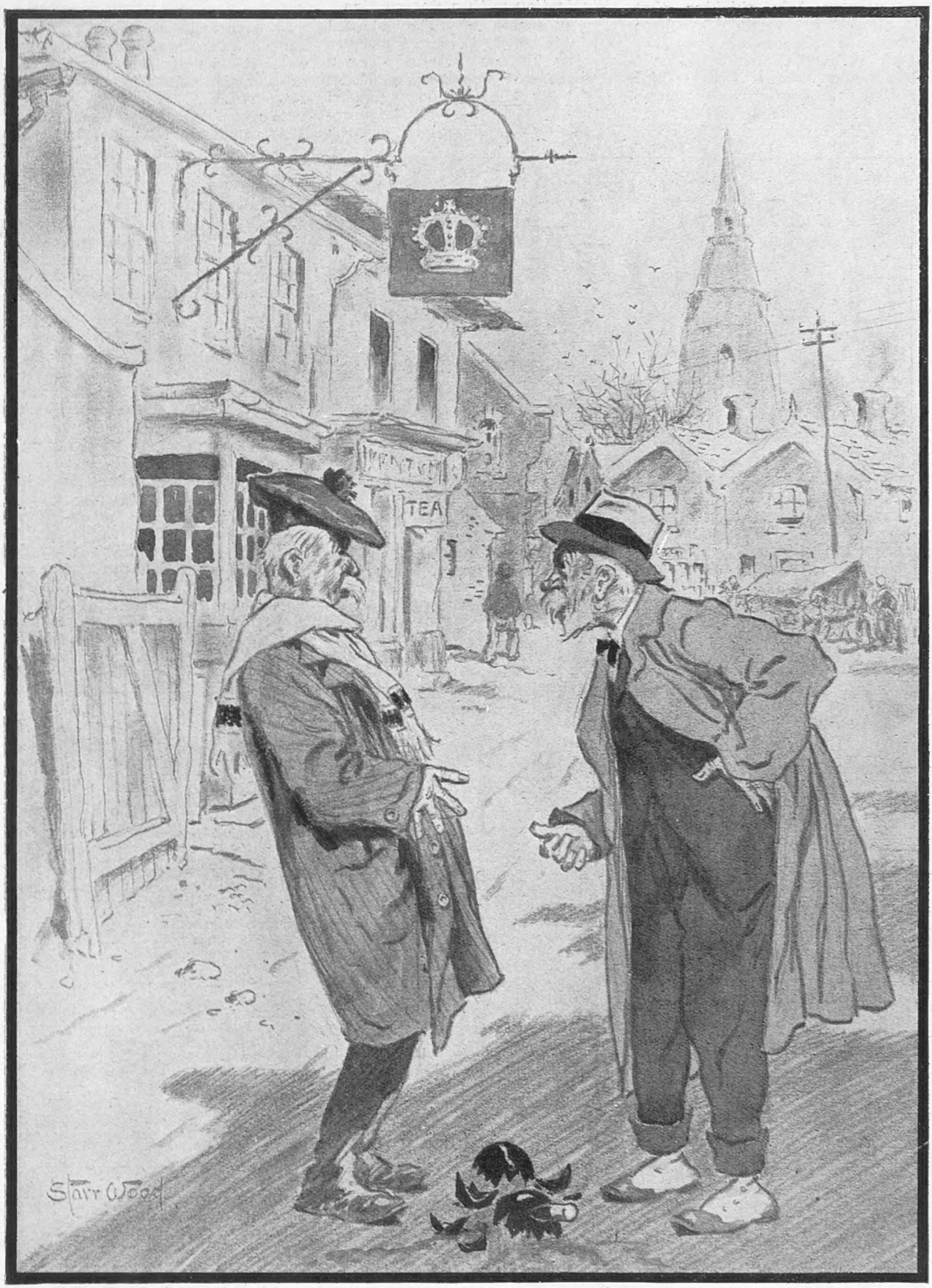
Awfu' Wastry!



BY STARR WOOD

A DROP OF SCOTCH

"Mon, mon, there's our pleasant evening gone before it's begun!"

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

LAWN TENNIS

L'Affaire Lenglen

I CANNOT help thinking that altogether too much has been made in France of "*l'affaire* Lenglen," and that it would have been much better if the whole matter of her unfortunate visit to America had been allowed to lapse, for in the realm of sport everyone is more ready to forget unpleasant incidents than to remember them. Mlle. Lenglen has, however, thought fit to demand the holding of a sort of court of enquiry by the French Lawn Tennis Association into the circumstances of her trip, and her inability to fulfil certain of her engagements.

Vindication with a Reservation

THE reason why she adopted this course is, apparently, as follows. The American Lawn Tennis Association were not satisfied that her physical condition precluded her from carrying out her programme of exhibition matches on behalf of the fund for the devastated areas of France. They appear to have obtained medical testimony in support of that view, and Mr. A. R. de Joannis, a vice-president of the French L.T.A., who accompanied Mlle. Lenglen on her trip, appears to have shared in it, without being able to induce Mlle. Lenglen to alter her decision. A letter from the American L.T.A. was eventually received by the French L.T.A., which amounted in effect to an official condemnation of her action, whereupon the French L.T.A. passed a sort of vote of confidence in Mr. de Joannis. This would seem to have been a somewhat superfluous proceeding, but, at any rate, it was promptly followed by Mademoiselle's claim for a hearing, which was acceded to, with the result that she is "whitewashed"—with the reservation that she made an error of judgment when she retired from her match with Mrs. Mallory.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

H. W. SHUKER'S CREW

Winners of the Cambridge Trial Eights which were rowed, as usual, over the Adelaide course at Ely. They beat the other eight, stroked by J. Hamilton, by three-quarters of a length. Names: T. D. A. Collett (bow), K. N. Craig (2), H. G. Babington-Smith (3), D. R. Rosevear (4), B. G. Ivory (5), A. J. Hodgkin (6), I. Macpherson (7), H. W. Shuker (stroke), C. A. V. Cunningham (cox)

One Thing Leads to Another

BUT this is not the end of it. Mr. de Joannis now steps forward. He points out, not unreasonably, that the two decisions of the French L.T.A. are contradictory, and that the first, in which the view of the American L.T.A. and of himself is endorsed, must be deemed to be washed out by the second, in which Mlle. Lenglen is declared to have "had just cause to give up her American tour because of her physical condition." Consequently he has resigned his vice-presidency of the L.T.A., which means the loss to the game in France of one of its oldest and ablest administrators. H.S.S.

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ECONOMY AND RUBBISH.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE one imperative principle we must all adopt to-day is economy; and we must adopt it politically, commercially, and individually.

The hard-hit, over-taxed public anxiously seeks the few loopholes of relief from the war-inflated prices of the necessaries of life. Yet never, in the history of this country, has so much shoddy rubbish been foisted on the people.

The price of men's clothes is one of the vital problems. The minimum price for a lounge suit by Pope and Bradley is ten guineas (or 66 per cent. above the pre-war price for this quality), and it is utterly impossible to produce a properly made, well-tailored suit of first quality material under this figure. The net profit made by this House on these ten-guinea suits is the bare margin of a few shillings. Labour in the West End is up 100 per cent., and materials, linings, silks, etc., are now up considerably over double pre-war cost. It requires no mathematical genius to appreciate these figures. To yield a fair profit these ten-guinea suits should be charged at twelve guineas, which is the price charged elsewhere, and unless costs are reduced before long the price will have to be increased, for there is one policy on which this house is determined—*it will not reduce quality and jeopardise the reputation it holds.*

There are thousands of men to-day wearing lounge suits made by Pope and Bradley before 1914. *A really well made suit is an economical investment. The material does not wear out, and it always keeps its shape.*

The costs of production has been studied to a fraction, and when suits are offered to the public at prices under those quoted here, *it merely means that second-quality materials are used and slung together by second-class workmen.*

The commercial fly in the ointment is that Pope & Bradley's productions last too long. They can be dated and appreciated like the good vintages of champagne. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Riding Breeches from £5 5s. 6d.

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